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*We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.*

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Port Arthur continues to fall piecemeal, but we are still without any evidence that a final assault is becoming possible. Two English ships have succeeded in running the blockade with cargoes of meat and ammunition, and no doubt continual supplies filter in from China. But the plight of the defence must be terrible. It is known that a large number of dead remain unburied, and there is great difficulty in rescuing the wounded. All movements by night are detected by the searchlights, which have played a most important part in the latter stages of the defence of the fortress. General Stössel and his truly heroic garrison have done more than enough for honour, but it is for him and him alone to consider surrender. Others would do well to keep their advice to themselves. During last week the Japanese have occupied the crests and glacis of Lung-shu-shan, Erh-lung-shan, and the north part of East Kee-kwan-shan: one report asserts the exploding of a magazine by a chance Japanese shell with a terrible loss of life and another the request from the garrison for an armistice.

The position of the two armies on the Sha-ho remains unchanged. Hung-pao Hill is held by the Japanese, and Mamelon Hill by the Russians, who also retain the northern portion of Lin-shin-pu, while the Japanese occupy the southern. The men live in dug-out cantonments along the line of contact. Both armies have received further reinforcements. General Kuropatkin has been stated to have 450,000 men under his command, of whom 32,000 are at Vladivostok, and 68,000 at Kharbin and on the line of communications, leaving 350,000 available for the army in the field. The number must, however, have been over-estimated. General Linievitch is reported to have taken over the command of the First Manchurian Army. Neither army appears, at present, inclined to take the offensive, though there are rumours of Japanese movements to the east and west. The Russians maintain a constant artillery and rifle fire on the Japanese positions, and have made several minor reconnaissances.

The one detail that is of vital importance in the constitution of the commission on the North Sea affair is still unsettled; and for once in a way rumour has been silent. There is no reason for supposing that national prejudices are less active in arbitration awards than in non-judicial affairs, and the verdict of the commission, which is to be by majority, is not a little likely to depend on the chairman whom the Russian, British, American and French commissioners may appoint. The terms of reference are adequate. The commission will take evidence and report on all the circumstances of the disaster, and will fix the responsibility and degree of responsibility. The weakness of the arrangement lies in the extreme slowness with which it has been carried out. At the present rate the verdict is not at all likely to be given till January when at least some of those culpable, if personal culpability be fixed, may be on the eve of a naval battle.

The coincidence of the King's birthday and Lord Mayor's Day never offered a better text than this year. Everyone, except Mr. Arnold-Forster who could hardly select this subject, spoke on the peace of nations and the troubles of diplomacy. If speakers in the French Chamber showed inclination perpetually to interpolate compliments to the King as the great peace-maker, it is clear that the Lord Mayor had no very difficult task to prove the worth of the King's recent contributions to both peace and diplomacy. The custom of keeping back State secrets for display on 9 November is either disappearing or important things do not happen about this date; and the absence of Mr. Balfour, who will not be about for several days, further took off the edge of expectancy. However no alderman ever more typically expressed civic morality than when Alderman Strong rolled out amid cheers the newly discovered quotation "If England to herself do rest but true." Happily on the North Sea incident, with which he chiefly concerned himself, Lord Lansdowne was able to speak with no less authority than the Prime Minister; and no one could have better instilled the duty of giving an opponent credit for honesty.

One passage in his temperate and lucid review of the case was not a little remarkable. After saying that the attack had in the first instance seemed a "culpable blunder" he continued "I am bound to add that the evidence which has lately come to our knowledge has been of a kind which has satisfied us that the Russian Government in good faith believed that the facts were of a kind wholly different from what we had supposed

them to be". What is this new evidence? We can be sure that the fishermen who declared that a torpedo-boat stayed watching them have been cross-examined in the Board of Trade inquiry. May it not be that the disregard by some of the boats of the regulation which orders the carrying of lights caused even the fishermen for a while to mistake their own boats for torpedo-boats? The Russians maybe fell into the same error, not an impossible one if the searchlights were badly managed; hence the conviction of the Russian Government that craft of this kind were present. This would explain the mistake but not of course reduce the responsibility. In one other point Lord Lansdowne made timely acknowledgment of the fairness of the Russian Government and his words in this reference too should help to dissipate an irritating prejudice. Since 20 July no British ship has been seized, though in very many cases the vessels have been stopped and the papers have been examined.

He also made the very satisfactory announcement that Russia has on our representations removed from her list of articles absolutely contraband all foodstuffs "besides articles of other description". These etceteras probably do not include coal, or Lord Lansdowne would have been glad to say so specifically, after all the trouble there has been about it. Foodstuffs are by far the most important concession that could be made to us. As to these we have a very obvious interest in keeping them free to be carried by neutrals; the only exception being when they are for the army or fleet and the war purposes of the belligerent. But of all people we have least to lose from coal being made absolutely contraband. As neutrals it may be irksome that Russia makes coal absolutely contraband: but if we were at war we should find it very convenient if the rule adopted by Russia were admitted. In that event we should not object to Russia's view as to coal so strongly as we do now, though our Admiralty Regulations do distinguish absolute from conditional according to destination. In 1870 Bismarck objected to our exporting coal to any part of France for similar reasons as those of Russia in this war.

We cannot congratulate Mr. Arnold-Forster on his speech, which displayed considerable ignorance of military matters. He was much struck by the cordiality with which the Black Watch were treated in Edinburgh; and he would like to see the Middlesex Regiment at the Tower of London and the Liverpool Regiment in Liverpool, a wish which will hardly be echoed by the officers of the two last-named regiments. The recruiting dépôt of the Black Watch is at Perth, so the case of that corps in Edinburgh, and the other two corps in London and at Liverpool, is by no means parallel, though the dépôt of the Liverpool Regiment is at Warrington. The experiment of quartering regiments in the large towns from which they have been recruited has often been tried; and the result has usually been a large amount of crime, mostly absence, with an average of something like fifty prisoners a day! The temptations to be absent are very great; and the fines are often caused by the absentee's friends and boon companions. The case of a country battalion quartered in its own county is altogether different from the case of such recruiting centres as London and other large towns. In the first place the country regiments are usually much better behaved than those recruited in large towns; and the homes of the majority of the men, say, of the Buffs at Dover or the Hampshire at Portsmouth, are not usually within reasonable reach of the barracks as they are in the large towns. Hence the temptation to be absent is not nearly so great.

M. Delcassé's interpretation of what the Anglo-French agreement had done for France in Morocco should not increase the popularity of the agreement in England. "England", he said specifically, "has given up to France her position in Morocco". Whatever we think of the agreement that is the position in Morocco; and if we accept M. Delcassé's view of the French Empire, the concessions in Morocco are worth to France much greater sacrifices than she has made in other regions: "It is through her colonies that France is

a world power, but by her African empire that she is sure of remaining so." There will indeed be a fine solidity about the North African part of the French Empire when Algeria is relieved from the threat of Moorish tumult. So far as public evidence goes it has seemed that France has been slow in taking the admirable opportunities which were opened in Moorish affairs immediately after the agreement was signed. But M. Delcassé in every word he said on the subject proved his determination to carry through to the end and as speedily as may be this policy of "pacific penetration". No gentle art was ever better labelled.

If General André, who endured the smart, could hardly be expected to turn the other cheek to M. Syveton, M. Combes, who reaped the advantage, might have done so with an admirable grace. What a Christian he would have proved himself in showing no resentment against the enemy who had saved him at the cost of a colleague. M. Syveton's stupid piece of blackguardism spoilt everything. On behalf of its proper dignity the Chamber was forced to make such violence react against the party from which it proceeded. A second scene was avoided by a committee's decision not to vote the prosecution of M. Syveton; and the simple motion pronouncing "the suspension of parliamentary immunity in regard to M. Syveton" covered the case. Of course outside the Chamber a crop of duels are talked of; but it will be a pity if anyone encourages even by the duel "à bootjacks at half a mile" such efforts at notoriety.

The ordinary Englishman has no test by which to judge M. Paul de Cassagnac. Such a career as his is impossible in England. Papers are not established here to express a man's personality, nor is journalism either a step to politics or a retreat therefrom, and our history has been more humdrum. M. Paul de Cassagnac was a famous journalist at the age of eighteen. A few years later he was one of the Empress' chamberlains. The militant patriotism which he expressed with such vigour in the "Pays" and "L'Autorité" he had occasion to prove in a very unjournalistic manner on the outbreak of the Franco-German war when he gave up valuable employment to enlist in a Zouave regiment. Less heroically he exhibited the same militancy by taking part as principal or second in some seventy odd duels. It is clearly not fair to judge such a man—"with his flowers to praise and his weeds to blame"—by the extreme periods in which he had indulged for the last twenty years in "L'Autorité". With him the pen was ever a "pis aller".

The representative nature of the national convention held on Thursday in Pretoria makes more serious the ignorance of the meaning of empire which the motion implied. These 160 delegates, representing municipalities, chambers of commerce, and agriculture, met to discuss the subject of Asiatic traders and the very object of the meeting suggests the *πρώτον ψεύδος*. Among "Asiatic traders" are included Indian members of the empire who may be not less cultured, and in fact are often very much more cultured in every sense, than past or prospective white immigrants into this or that colony. Anyway they are integral members of the empire and the question of their liberty can only be the concern of an Imperial Parliament. But it is an outrage against the idea of empire that a commercial and industrial convention in a small colony such as the Transvaal should pass a motion dumping Indian citizens with aliens and insisting that all should be put under the disabilities named in the Foreign Labour Importation Act. Lord Milner and the Houses of Parliament cannot begin to consider any such expression of opinion until the recommendation is restricted to Asiatics who are not included in the empire. But the position is not the less serious because the convention fails to see the grossness of its conception. An organism is in real danger when any part ceases to be conscious of its organic nature.

That most hard-worked of clichés, the swing of the pendulum, has begun to give way to "the prestige of former victories". Everywhere during this election season existing majorities have been expanded: in



Canada, in the United States and in Italy. In America generally the party in office has always a strong initial advantage: the odds are on the dealer and nothing but some vital cause of dissatisfaction is likely to count against possession. Sir Wilfrid Laurier has swept every province with the exception of Ontario, where the descendants of the old "United Empire Loyalists" are centred, and Prince Edward Island; and the Liberal victory is the measure of Canadian satisfaction in the commercial prosperity of the Dominion. Sir Wilfrid Laurier's astuteness, to use the vague word, in avowing an enthusiasm for imperial taxation, robbed Mr. Borden of the chance of success which might have been his if Sir Wilfrid Laurier had not thus glozed some of his previous words and acts. The Liberal ministry enters on its third term of office with an increased majority. One of the results that will be most eagerly watched will be the bearing of M. Bourassa and his party.

President Roosevelt had an even more overwhelming victory than Sir Wilfrid Laurier; and the general disinterest in the election gave way in the end to enthusiasm for a man the people had heard of. No party has so swept the polls since President Lincoln's election thirty years ago. The Republicans will have a majority of more than a hundred in the House of Representatives and of twenty in the Senate. The Democratic party is for the time almost extinct, as any party deserves to be when it fails to represent anything. This election, we are told, has been unprecedentedly calm and pure. It cost either side apparently a "cool" million, no doubt all spent "in righteousness", as Colonel Hay would describe it. And not more than a dozen or so have been murdered in the process of the election; so the United States are "coming along". Is it not unfortunate that this highly civilised country, which is about to call a peace conference, cannot make a President without having election judges shot dead by a deputy and so forth? Some one, we observe, noted the absence of all reference to England in the campaign as a striking testimony to improved relations between the two countries. On the principle, apparently, that if you cannot say anything pleasant, better say nothing. Well, that is an improvement, certainly.

In the Italian election the solid but not overwhelming success of the Ministerialists is not a result of very much importance; nor is the rather unexpected ability of the Socialists to keep their level of strength. Party politics in Italy are rather worse than party politics in most other places; and certainly they have little effect worth considering outside Italy. But a principle of real importance is involved in the policy of the stricter Catholics on the question of voting; and on this point the evidence is conflicting. For the first time candidates calling themselves Clericals have come forward and two have been elected; also the percentage of votes recorded throughout the country is said to be much above the average, which would suggest some greater freedom among clerical voters. On the other hand the Conservatives, on whose behalf clerical influence would be exercised, have lost several seats, and a second ballot is necessary in the Pope's native place, for which Count Macola was last time returned by a heavy majority.

Were the matter less serious, the humour of Mr. Macnamara's plaint against the Progressives of the L.C.C. would, we fear, appeal to us even more than his argument. It is certainly very hard on Mr. Macnamara to be out in the cold while these things are going forward in the Council; and all of it the work of his dear brother Progressives! However, it would be unfair not to recognise Mr. Macnamara's courage when he publicly condemns the anti-educational policy of the Progressives in declining to deal with defective "voluntary" schools until a more convenient season. This means that large numbers of children will go on attending school in unhealthy and unsuitable buildings, and the managers will not know how they stand or what will be expected of them, and there can be nothing but the miserable inefficiency of uncertainty until the Progressives deem the right moment to have come for a party stroke. Emphatically we do not regard their delay as in any way in the in-

terests of the Church. A more barefaced piece of partisanship there has never been: in the face of their own education committee, which caring for the schools first advised immediate action, the Progressives insist on hanging up the whole matter solely in order to improve a party cry. Plain enough behind all this are the managers of the Liberal party. An L. C. C. manifesto on the Church schools would coincide very prettily with a general election. No doubt the Liberal leaders will want it for London purposes. Does this view commend itself to Mr. Haldane's single-minded zeal for education?

The Slater case is even yet only partially finished. Osborn the solicitor is again to be put on his trial at the next Sessions of the Central Criminal Court, the jury not having been able to agree as to him. Slater himself had been acquitted at an earlier stage on the ground that there was no evidence to go to the jury of his being legally implicated in the conspiracy. But the judge did not spare the strongest censures of his moral responsibility in running an affair of so despicable a character. The men who were actually found guilty and sentenced were the manager, Henry, and three other of the minor villains of the piece; and as Henry only received twelve months with hard labour, two of them six, and the third three, they got off very lightly. Less serious offences have often been punished much more severely. The judge said the prosecution had smashed an illegitimate concern. But it does not smash others in similar business who will benefit by the fall of the head of their wretched calling. Their evidence ought not to be allowed in divorce cases; and as the Divorce Court is the chief cause of their existence, to enact this would most likely be the best way to put an end to them.

Mr. Firth has succeeded in the Chair of History at Oxford a line of men more famous than himself; but if the ambitions which he sketched in his inaugural address be in any way fulfilled he will be more than a worthy successor, whatever his personal contributions to historical literature. He charges against the teaching of history in Oxford that it does not, and is not likely to, produce historians. The history school should do more than give a general education, should have a more specialised ambition; and Mr. Firth sketched several methods by which genuine research should be fostered. His desire is to gather round him a special class of men who will co-operate with him in real research, in the production of evidence; and he has an admirable scheme for exhibiting to them the richness of the field and the paucity of diggers. But the men are the difficulty. How is a professor to save any remnant of those whose final school is their last event at Oxford? The new research degrees may do something; but the gist of Mr. Firth's plea is for leave to make research work and original work tell in the school itself. He desires, as every one should desire, a further remove from the examination ideal.

We have still to wait a year or two before the scientific result of the expedition of the "Discovery" can be properly assessed, and Captain Scott in his lecture at the Albert Hall on Monday was content for the most part to talk round the admirable photographs which he showed. But he threw fresh light on the magnetic investigations which the Royal Geographical Society considered the essential object of the voyage, and gave some account, which all the reports of the speech omitted, of the fauna observed during the expedition. In every way the most valuable contributions to science were made on the sledge journey undertaken by Captain Scott and three others when the further west point was reached at the end of 1903. The little party must have touched romance of a rare quality when on this expedition they found themselves on the line dividing the pole from the magnetic pole and the compass pointed south instead of north. At that moment Captain Scott was "a stout Cortez". Captain Scott protested that it rained medals. But no sort of service does a concrete emblem more become. For two winters the crew and ship "dared extreme occasions", and "never one betrayed". What a chance for the designer of the medals the photographs suggested.

There were practically no notorious names in the Honour List of last Tuesday. The only addition to the Privy Council was Sir A. Acland Hood M.P., the chief Government whip. It is curious that an officer of party influential above any member outside the inner ring of the cabinet should be unrecognised by the Constitution. The outside public has the mistiest view of the duties of a chief whip; it has no idea that it is his business to be perfectly informed as to the aims and ambitions of all the members of the party who have to be reckoned with. Sometimes a chief whip is asked outright by some member who is getting discontented for a knighthood or baronetcy. Sir Alexander Acland Hood is a vigorous and opinioned whip, and he quite deserves the honour paid him. We are delighted to see that Mr. R. S. Gundry's great services to this country in China receive recognition. Never has a C.B. been better conferred. Admiral Sir John Fisher's work is emphasised once more.

Celebrating the King's birthday is comparatively a simple affair at the clubs and hotels, where the illuminations are managed by electric light. It is a different thing quite when on a blustering evening you strive to announce "God Save the King" by the old-fashioned gas jets fastened to the balcony. Apsley House, for instance, on Wednesday made heroic effort to do the thing well. But owing to the gusty weather it was evidently found very hard to get the whole of the scroll "God Save the King" lit up at the same time. Notwithstanding large-hearted efforts on the part of the lighter, no sooner was one word lit up than the next was in gloom; and when the wind blew furiously a man behind each word would hardly have been enough. We almost wonder the London County Council has not proposed to take this illumination business in hand.

We are all in favour of the Lord Mayor's Show, allegories and all, and would not trouble to find any particular reason for our belief in it. "There is no damned merit about it" applies here just as well as to the maintenance of the Order of the Bath; and "credo quia absurdum" is an intelligible protestation. But it is surely a strange thing that among Radicals, who object on principle to customs which have survived the reason of their being, none protests against such patently useless ceremonies as the Lord Mayor's Show. Why object to the trial of a peer by his peers and approve the empty pageantry of this procession? As things are, protests are left to enraged "ratepayers" who demand, as an equivalent for their contributions, that they shall be able to walk from the Temple to the Mansion House in a quarter of an hour on this as on other days; or to the dilettante amateur whose logic is offended because the Greek arts are represented by a raucous cockney whose dank and tousled garb does not prevent him indulging in cockney jests. Last year's Show was military, this year's stridently allegorical; but why should anyone, except the philosophic Radical, object, and why should he keep silence?

People have been struck this week by the versatility of knowledge displayed by that "member of the advertising staff" who is as much at home among Savoy delicacies as he is among smart and costly furs. What is there indeed he cannot guarantee, we wonder. Is he druggist as well as furrier and bon vivant? May we next look for his "particulars" of, say, the best liver pill at the price on the market—we ask pardon—"particulars in regard to" the best liver pill? But somebody has suggested to us an entirely new field for his enterprise. Why should not men anxious to get into society and public life and notice be advertised and guaranteed in the same manner?

The statement that Mr. C. Arthur Pearson had paid £700,000 for the "Standard", which appeared in certain journals, was of course untrue. The sum which Mr. Pearson agreed to pay to the Messrs. Johnstone is £300,000; and he is now forming a company which will buy from him both the "Standard" and the "St. James's Gazette". The new company will have a working capital of £100,000. Some party politicians will remember that when the "Pall Mall Gazette" changed hands in the 'eighties, the sum mentioned at clubs was just half a million.

#### OUT OF THE WOOD.

IT is a happy sign that Lord Lansdowne's speech at the Mansion House has been well received. We do not pretend to particular insight into the public mind, and we have no exceptional means of gauging general opinion. We have not the gift of the foreign correspondent, who every day defines with the most admirable precision the "feeling in Russia" or "opinion in Germany" or "what people are thinking in America". To us it has never seemed a very easy thing for one man to know what eighty million other men are thinking, and we have sometimes wondered whether the explanation of "our own correspondent's" cocksureness is not just this: that he never troubles himself about what other people think at all. He knows his own mind and that is enough for him. For ourselves we can only say that most of those we have met since Lord Lansdowne spoke have expressed satisfaction with what he said, and we note that hardly any, no matter what his politics, has condemned it utterly. It is rather remarkable, for there is no doubt that the precise information Lord Lansdowne gave us of the reference to the commission, and his indication of the mind of the Government on the North Sea matter, are not at all in harmony with very general expectations and sentiments of a few days ago. Very many in Lord Lansdowne's own party were plainly anxious, if not to treat the North Sea incident as a *casus belli*, certainly to make it almost impossible for the Government to treat it as anything else. These people can hardly be entirely pacified by Lord Lansdowne's statement. In fact they are not; they are even doubtful whether it would not have been just as well to fight Russia now, seeing, as they believe, that we shall have to fight her some time; and they are not altogether satisfied that this country has sufficiently vindicated its dignity. But this little rebellion of soul is kept well under, and apparently even the most bellicose is quite well pleased that we are through without war. The public is beginning to think about the matter now—before it only felt—and the more people think the more they will appreciate what we owe to the Government for its courage and coolness in an exceedingly unpleasant situation.

Lord Lansdowne said nothing that could modify the British view of the facts; no evidence is forthcoming to make us believe that the position in the North Sea was different from what we have supposed it to be. On the facts as the public knows them, it is still, in spite of the statement in the "Novoe Vremya", as difficult to explain the Russian attack as it was before. But Lord Lansdowne did say one thing which must have weight with every serious person and affect his attitude of mind towards the Russian Government. He stated plainly that the evidence which had recently come to the knowledge of Ministers was of such a kind that it satisfied him and his colleagues that the Russian Government in good faith believed that the facts were of a kind wholly different from what the British Government had supposed them to be. This in plain terms means that our Government is really convinced that the Tsar and his Ministers honestly believe that the Baltic fleet had sufficient grounds to justify their opening fire when they did, and that therefore the injury done to our fishing boats was a sad but purely unfortunate, and probably unavoidable, accident. No doubt it is difficult for us to understand how responsible men can honestly believe anything of the kind. And that is just where appears the importance of Lord Lansdowne's words. It was so difficult for us to accept that the Russian Government could really believe what seemed an impossible story that a vast number have held that if they did believe, it was only because they wanted to believe. And that, of course, left plenty of room for conviction of ill faith and imperfect honesty—a state of mind predisposed to anything but rest. Now, however, we have Lord Lansdowne's deliberate statement, made with express precision, that the Government are convinced, on evidence before them, that the Russian Government is perfectly honest in its belief. In these circumstances it is to be hoped that everyone here will have the decency to put aside his suspicions, and accept with readiness and a good grace



Lord Lansdowne's assurance. If he will think a little, he must see that none in this country can be so capable of judging this matter as his Majesty's Ministers, and if he will not accept Lord Lansdowne's assurance he is charging the Foreign Secretary with being either a fool or a liar.

It is plain, as Lord Lansdowne said, that the Russian Government, honestly believing in the justice of their case, no other course was possible but an impartial, that is, an international inquiry; and that has been agreed upon. Even so England could not have accepted such a settlement, had Russia been churlish as to other aspects of the matter not in dispute. It was not disputable that grievous hurt had been done to this country, therefore an expression of regret and compensation were required, irrespective of inquiry; with both these demands Russia has complied. On the whole then, it seems to us that every element of danger is now removed. This country has made no surrender; we have vindicated our position by demanding and obtaining certain terms which we could not allow to be put in dispute; other demands, such as the punishment of guilty parties, could only be satisfied after impartial inquiry, and that inquiry is provided for in terms honestly accepted by both countries, the Russian Government agreeing that punishment shall follow conviction of guilt by the Commission. And the sting, which might always fester and cause bad matter, has been drawn by the removal of all *arrière pensée* in the British mind. Then we need not hesitate to say that we are now out of the wood.

There was one omission in Lord Lansdowne's most admirable speech, which we greatly regret. He had much to say about war and how to avoid war, but he said nothing of the part played in these days by the public and the press in the making of war and peace. It is most unfortunate that he did not, for a better occasion for a warning from the Foreign Minister on this subject there could not be. It was the more unfortunate, too, because the omission was something of a blemish on the high moral courage the Government, and certainly not least Lord Lansdowne himself, have shown throughout this crisis. No doubt it is a very thankless thing, indeed it is a dangerous thing, for a minister in democratic conditions to rebuke the public and the press. The press can ruin a public man by not reporting his speeches, and it takes some very long time to like a man who tells him the truth about himself. But when a politician has become Foreign Secretary, his position is, or ought to be, strong enough to despise all such terrors. No man can know better than Lord Lansdowne that now if war is made gratuitously, it is not made by Governments or aristocracies, it is made by the press and by the average man. A few clear and serious sentences on the attitude of the popular press towards this crisis would have come with real effect. When the "Times" becomes the exponent of a vulgar jingoism, it is time for the leaders of the people to speak out. Had not both Governments involved in this issue been determined not to let themselves drift into war, the tone of the press here and the temper of at least a section of the public would have made war inevitable.

#### THE INFORMER IN FRANCE.

FRENCH Nationalism is fortunate neither in its men nor its methods. M. Syveton has managed to spoil the best case a party ever had against its opponents and this very unprofessorial professor will probably expiate his own offence in becoming seclusion for some time to come. M. Combes on his side escapes condemnation in Parliament for the moment; but the solidity of the Bloc was sorely tried and we doubt if it will ever completely recover from the shattering attack of M. Guyot de Villeneuve and the "Figaro". It is a strange comment upon our supposed friendship for the French nation that our newspapers have almost entirely refrained from giving their readers any information upon a series of revelations which has shaken France to its centre.

It must be remembered that the army is the one institution in which all Frenchmen take a pride, for

every man has had to serve in it and he looks to it as embodying the French name before the world, there being no royal house to play the part. An insult to the army in France appears as odious as with us an insult to the King, which is of course the real explanation for the excitement over the affaire Dreyfus. What then must France feel to-day? It has now been demonstrated beyond denial that under the present Minister for War his office has become a centre for a form of delation as odious in itself and almost as fatal in its effects for the victims, except so far as the risk to life is concerned, as that described by Tacitus.

By the system which has been in force for four years the practice of "informing" has been raised to the dignity of a public institution. But the credit for its invention cannot be given to the War Office. It was merely borrowed from a more ingenious source. To the Grand Orient Lodge of Freemasons must be attributed this happy idea. Not without reason has this body been named "les Jésuites du Bloc" and their practices are at least worthy of the reprobation that tradition has showered upon their prototypes. A body of officers in the army who were also Freemasons was formed some time ago and took the name of la Solidarité Militaire and it was decided to issue a printed circular to all Freemasons in the army asking them for information about the political and religious opinions of their brother officers. In spite of strong protests by many in the lodge the circular was printed and issued. It is unnecessary to insist on the moral infamy of this proceeding and also on its folly from a military and patriotic point of view, which probably had little weight with the half-insane partisanship of its authors. We regret for the sake of a gallant and honourable service that the circular should have met with any response, but human nature is weak and the temptation was strong. Within a year the lodge had secured information on 12,000 officers in different branches of the army. This information was all duly entered and docketed under the supreme direction of M. Vade-court the secretary to the lodge, who has since been decorated by a grateful Government with the Cross of the Legion of Honour. Strange word in this connexion!

When General André learned that the Freemasons were in possession of all this valuable knowledge he was fired to emulation and adopted the plan at the War Office. With the assistance of three officers, Colonel Jacquot of the Artillery, Commandant Bernard, his own nephew, and Captain Mollin, he started a Delation Bureau which was fed not only from the Grand Orient but also from its own private sources of information. The dossiers of the officers in question were all duly entered in two volumes respectively known as "Corinth" and "Carthage" corresponding to the parabolic sheep and goats. "Delenda est Carthago" was Captain Mollin's motto and no man whose name was once found there ever saw promotion. The Freemasons were marked in red and the suspects in blue. There is overwhelming evidence that full use was made of the dossiers. Here is one example out of scores. An officer is denounced (anonymously) as "fanatically clerical, started off on his arrival in garrison by solemnly taking the communion with his family. His wife goes to the Sisters for catechism". This unfortunate has remained without promotion for *nine* years. On the other hand, a certain Lieutenant "d'opinion franchement républicaine" is shortly after his application for the post comes to hand made an instructor at S. Cyr. Military merit or inefficiency in performing military duties plays no part in the informers' communications. The sole ground for finding a place in "Corinth" or "Carthage" is political and religious opinion.

Nor is the action of the accused officer himself always taken into account. He need hardly be a "practising Catholic," which means little enough, one communion and confession a year qualifying for the title. If he sends his children to a religious school he is a doomed man. An astonishing document is printed in facsimile by the "Figaro" in which all the officers with families in garrison at S. Briec are classified in two columns. Those whose children attend the école libre (formerly Dominicans) are put in one column and get five marks,

those who send theirs to the Lycée are put in another and receive fifteen, which indications are all considered and acted upon when promotions and staff appointments come under review.

We will give our readers another instance of these free republican practices. A letter was produced from Captain Mollin (not denied) addressed to his "très cher frère" Vadecourt and enclosing a list of officers shortly to be appointed to the staff and asking for information about them in order that "those who happen to be Republicans may be placed in agreeable stations and the others relegated to such pleasure resorts as Briançon and Gap", i.e. among the stormy solitudes of the Dauphiny Alps. This is not the most serious but it is the meanest outcome of the infamous system patronised and promoted by General André.

Among the "delatores" are préfets, maires, professors, and the largest class of all, brother officers. This is the most lamentable feature of the affair but it is its inevitable outcome. Their assistance has been invoked and the rewards have been certain. Lieutenant-Colonel Jacquot, the head of the Artillery information bureau, has been promoted out of his turn and is the youngest lieutenant-colonel in the service. Tacitus has left it on record that informers "per præmia eliciebantur" and opinion will blame less severely the unfortunates now exposed who were tempted by promises of reward than the chief who offered them such an opportunity of infamy.

General André in his defence was unable to emulate Caligula who "negavit se delatoribus aures habere". On the contrary he pleaded necessity and M. Combes asserted that the Clericals had done the same without however producing a tittle of proof. He himself is now shown by the production of a document in the handwriting of the late M. Waldeck-Rousseau to have been warned by the latter that such practices were in progress at the War Office and should be stopped. This M. Combes promised to effect but of course never did; on the contrary he has accepted, endorsed and evidently encouraged it. The practice was undoubtedly known to some others among the Ministry but not all. It is impossible to believe that this process of delation having been once unmasked can be permitted by a generous and high-spirited people to continue, or that the men responsible for it can be allowed much longer to govern France. Yet they are still in office; and for aught we learn to the contrary the persecution of Catholics may rage more vehemently than ever in the army after the buffets received by its authors.

It is a bitter commentary upon the whole régime of Jacobinism that under it such a plague should rage unchecked in a service where the point of honour is supposed to be particularly keen. That it will lead to any modification of their views on the part of the Jacobin Bloc we do not in the least believe. The obstinate bigotry of their creed is hardly matched by the most relentless religious fanaticism, as is borne witness to by a hundred acts of intolerance from the XVIII Fructidor onwards. It was once said by a Jacobin that the Republic had no need of savants or chemists. The embargo is now extended to men of honour.

#### THE KING OF AMERICA.

MR. ROOSEVELT'S personality has been, as we anticipated, the vital question in the Presidential election. Everyone in the United States knew something about him while only an infinitesimal minority of voters knew anything of Judge Parker except that he was the Democratic candidate. The United States have enjoyed considerable prosperity during the last few years and in consequence the natural tendency of mankind to leave well alone has had full play. Mr. Roosevelt is not a man of genius but he is a man of abnormal activity in many lines and therefore naturally appeals to the average American to whom restless activity is the cardinal principle of existence. The President has never exhibited any originality in his methods or conceptions, as has Mr. Bryan, but he has thrown great vigour into his propagation of the gospel of "thorough". To say that in the United States he is therefore only preaching to the converted is no

argument against the effectiveness of his method. In commonplace times commonplace men will win as a rule and Mr. Roosevelt is no exception. That he is an educated gentleman and not a mere machine man is so much to the good and should help to make his last term of some effect in the history of American politics.

The essential question is, therefore, not what set of political theories have carried the day, for the differences between parties are of no importance, but to what use will President Roosevelt put the enormous majority he has secured? As he has already announced to the world that he will seek no third term, he should be absolutely uninfluenced by the many considerations that hedge the path of possible reform for Presidents who look for a renewal of popular support. If he fails then to employ his much-belauded strenuousness to some useful purpose he will not rise above the ruck of machine-made presidents from which at one time he was held to be far removed. Some of his own recent proceedings and those of underlings countenanced by him have not unnaturally aroused suspicion. His selection of representatives on the Alaska Commission did not help to establish his reputation in affairs of honour between nations. We tremble to think what might have been said if a Russian or a German monarch had appointed two notorious partisans as fulfilling the conditions in a treaty requiring "two impartial jurists of repute". His manipulation of the Panama revolution was acknowledged to be very sharp practice and the recent charges of collusion between Mr. Cortelyou and the Trusts have been repudiated it is true in violent language but not refuted. That purity in American politics has received no encouragement under the present régime is unfortunately only too evident from the comments upon the election emanating even from Republican journals, which are beginning to demand that a check should be placed by public authority upon the enormous accumulation and expenditure of election funds. We are surprised to learn that Sir Wemyss Reid finds "a purer as well as a calmer spirit" prevailing than in former elections, for as a fact ten times as much has been spent as was required to beat Mr. Bryan "whose candidature", we learn from the correspondent of the "Standard" (old style), "caused and excused whatever expenditure was necessary to defeat it". We need not stay to examine the strange theory of political morality involved in this remarkable dictum which can only mean that politicians have a right to decide when corruption is justifiable in their own interests. But the admitted facts appear to be that about  $4\frac{1}{2}$  millions of pounds sterling have been laid out in this election by both sides. What this must mean in the way of illicit expenditure is appalling to contemplate, even when we deduct the vast sums employed in methods accepted as normal and correct by the executives of both parties. At the time of writing thirteen deaths are already recorded as due to the elections, and by deaths we mean murders. We wonder then the more where Sir Wemyss Reid finds the calm and purity he speaks of with so much unction. As this "bag" of thirteen includes three Democratic returning-officers or polling-clerks done to death by over-zealous opponents, we shall be inclined to judge the sincerity of the President's zeal for reform by the severity or otherwise of his dealing with his own criminal supporters.

An honest and persistent endeavour to purify the methods of election might well be the first step in the last and most crucial stage of his career. We have his own passionate assurance that he comes to his post with his hands absolutely unfettered. By appealing to the general good sense of the American people we believe that he might also do something to remove two grave scandals in their public life, the appointment of judges by public election and the allotment of civil-service posts by the good pleasure of the party-boss. It is a striking instance of the self-complacency of the ordinary American that he is contented with a system of staffing the judiciary which this country has abandoned since the days of the Stuarts, and the vote of a democracy is an even worse method of bestowing judgeships than the will of a king. No less is security of tenure in the Civil Service a necessity if thoroughly good work is to be got from it. The President might also



find scope for his activity in a determined effort to reform some of the financial methods of his countrymen. If in short he can during the next four years do something to divert them from viewing political and international relations from the purely commercial standpoint, he will deserve well both of his own country and the world at large. It would be unfair to assume that Mr. Roosevelt will fail to employ the power entrusted to him to remedy some at least of these evils with which all the rest of the world knows his country to be cursed.

In one respect at all events the election is of interest. It is a distinct ratification of the "imperialist" policy. This was the one matter in which, as Mr. Bryan points out, there was a real difference between parties. Though there would have been no change in the methods of administering territories already won, the victory of Mr. Parker would certainly have been taken to indicate a change of view on the part of the voters in regard to the foreign policy of the United States. Mr. Roosevelt will be quite justified in assuming, as Mr. Parker has already done, that he has secured a vote of approval for his administration in general and this involves a distinct encouragement to go "full steam ahead" in the prosecution of a vigorous foreign policy. We have often expressed our conviction that this country has little to gain in the end from the translation into action of President Roosevelt's views on foreign affairs though it has been the fashion among us of late to applaud Republican victories and to encourage the idea among Americans that we look upon the Democratic party as less friendly to us than the Republican. This we believe to be a delusion only one degree more mischievous than the notion that an enterprising foreign policy on the part of the re-elected President will necessarily inure to our benefit.

#### THE DIVORCE COURT SPY.

DISGUSTING, odious, dangerous: this is undoubtedly the universal view of the disclosures of the private inquiry agency which have been made in the late proceedings connected with the Slater prosecution. Fortunately there is now at least one less of these gangs of spies and blackmailers who feed on the corruptions of society, and organise conspiracies and perjuries to pervert justice under the guise of an organised and permitted profession. We do not lay any stress on what appeared in the evidence in the Slater case to have been the real stimulus of the prosecution ultimately undertaken against it. It was, however, precisely because there is no more honour amongst thieves than there is amongst other people, as the father warned his son, that the malpractices of "Slater's" were disclosed. When one lot of inquiry agents set themselves to ruin another, they are only doing what is allowable in other commercial transactions. The rivalries of trade know no pity, and one cannot expect the dirty spies of the founder of a business of this kind to have more regard for their employer than many others would have who wanted to step into their master's shoes. Slater's was therefore hoist with its own petard and we wish the result might be that the trade of the domestic spy should perish with Slater's. How impossible it is to imagine the whole extent of the evil of which it has been the centre for so many years. For how many perjuries has it been responsible in the Courts? How many suspicions of jealous men and women has it aroused by its maliciously suggestive advertisements? To how many has it pandered in reports which it has made to those who have set it in motion? Not long ago several of the sort of men who concocted the evidence in the Pollard case deliberately committed the monstrous perjury which fastened on an innocent man the horrible accusation of incest with his own niece. The advertisements of similar institutions still appear though Slater's have now disappeared. The traitorous spies had for object the establishing of their business on the ruins of the one which employed them. It was their aim to see Slater's advertisement replaced by their own and they succeeded. Now we can actually see in newspapers the new firm or group appealing for public support in carrying on the disgraceful business. If such businesses cannot be prohibited they ought at least to

be kept within the narrowest limits. They ought not to be allowed to appeal openly to the public and spread their ramifications through the artificial stimulus of newspaper advertisements. On the editors of newspapers there is an undoubted moral obligation not to permit these advertisements to appear. Mr. Labouchere has been trying to drive this home for years in his exposures of rotten advertisements. All the presumptions are against businesses of the kind being carried on with any honesty or decency and with any regard to truth. Even if it were possible to believe that these men who play the part of domestic spies under aliases, and are ashamed of being known to carry on their trade, have the sort of honour which stands rooted in dishonour, they would still be a nuisance which ought not to be allowed to spread more than can be helped. We are at least entitled to ask that newspapers intended for families shall not advertise the trade of spies whose purpose it is to pry into and concoct all sorts of disgraceful falsehoods in respect of the domestic circles to which unfortunate circumstances may give them their ill-omened introduction.

The Divorce Court is responsible for the gross luxuriance in which these agencies have been flourishing. It cannot exactly be said to have brought them into existence, but year by year as its own operations have extended it has been followed by its shadow, the private inquiry spy. The substance itself is baleful enough but the shadow of itself would be enough to justify the dislike and contempt which many of us have for the Court. It is proving every day, what was predicted of it, that it would be a corrupting influence in social life. Divorce Court evidence has become a byword; and if there is perjury in other Courts, very frequent and very serious, it at all events is not stimulated on a large scale by premiums on the espionage which is one of the many conditions of this Court's existence. The law allows divorce for all degrees of adultery; for there are degrees in it as there are in bigamy. Take the Pollard case. It is evident there that the alleged adultery of Pollard was not the real reason why Mrs. Pollard sought divorce. Whatever she had suffered in her marriage that was clearly not the origin of her desire for its dissolution. Those who do not object to divorce on principle, as we do, may point out that adultery may be so flaunted in the eyes of the wife as to constitute one of the greatest cruelties a woman may have to endure. At any rate that was not so here. The evidence had not only to be sought far and wide if it existed at all; but in fact when the affair got into the hands of the spies of the Divorce Court the evidence had to be and it was manufactured. The case which was at the most one for judicial separation was turned into a divorce case entirely by the facilities which are offered to the spy of the Slater system. Instead of our Divorce Court, if it is to exist, narrowing the means by which divorce is obtained, it permits the private spy to do all he can to rake up whatever incidents he can find that may extend the Court's jurisdiction from judicial separation, which was the only power of the Courts it superseded, to the dissolution of the marriage. Why should it not be restrained in granting divorce at least to those cases where adultery has been a part of the husband and wife's matrimonial experience, and he or she can prove it without having recourse to the private inquiry office? We are speaking, of course, on the assumption that the Court ought to exist at all, which we should not accept. If it is said that there are instances where adultery might have serious consequences that could not be proved by the married parties themselves, then the reply is that at any rate these might be left to the discretion of the Court. At present every degree of adultery is equally effective, and divorce is granted as a matter of course. It is as though we hanged everybody who killed another, in whatever circumstances. We have established a sacred right of divorce; and if it can only be technically proved the same results follow as if adultery had been committed in circumstances of the worst aggravation.

The Pollard case shows that a divorce can be easily obtained on the most flimsy grounds. The King's Proctor found out what had happened through the treachery of the rival detectives; but ought the

safeguard not to have been applied at the early stage without the cumbersome and expensive machinery of the King's Proctor's Office? There is more desire to refuse an order on a judgment summons for debt than to refuse a decree dissolving a marriage. Think what evidence was allowed as sufficient to dissolve the Pollard marriage and there is no wonder that the inquiry spy flourishes in the shade of the Divorce Court. We have no hesitation in saying that the evidence of the private inquiry agent ought not to be allowed in any divorce case. If this would prevent some people from getting divorces to which, as the law stands, they are entitled, there would be no reason to regret such cases in view of the public advantage to be gained from crushing these parasites of the Court. Slater's is broken up, but others will take its place; and they will flourish as long as they are admissible witnesses. It is not possible to make the business of the private inquiry agent illegal. Reputable businesses have to employ him, or themselves to become private inquiry agents. But it is time we saw the last of him in the Divorce Court. When this happens, and reports of divorce proceedings are abolished or restricted, something will have been done to lessen the evils of which the Divorce Court itself is the fruitful parent.

#### FIGURES OF THE FISCAL QUESTION.—VIII.

WE propose to devote some attention in this and succeeding articles to certain aspects of our overseas trade. Except in the latter part of the last article this question has been entirely neglected. Yet, it is just this question of the importance to the country of retaining in extent, magnitude and variety the constancy of the outward and inward flow of our trade with foreign countries and British possessions, on which the whole of the present fiscal controversy rests. We have on previous occasions subjected to analysis, as we believe they have never before been analysed, a variety of phenomena bearing on the comparative social and economic conditions of the masses in this country. That has demonstrated the existence of strange bacilli thriving and multiplying in the congenial soil of this country, and sapping, surely though slowly, the sturdy fabric of our economic existence.

It has been our aim throughout these articles to lay before our readers the tendencies which are manifesting themselves in the character of this country's industries. We desire to employ the same methods, so far as they are compatible with the data and materials available, to our external trade. We desire only to premise, what will be unnecessary to demonstrate in any formal manner, that there is not at the present time any country, and there never has been, to whom this portion of her trade was more vital, or whose continuance was more imperative. British trade and industry form a highly organised and sensitive machine whose wheels are easily clogged, and whose parts are readily dislocated.

We turn first to the question of the geographical distribution of our export trade as between foreign countries and British possessions. It has been frequently contended and, in fairness to free-traders we admit, as frequently denied, that the current of the British export trade is being diverted from foreign countries to British possessions. This is a proposition which, it appears to us, should be comparatively easy to prove, and the difference easily settled.

Our export trade in 1903 amounted to the enormous total of 291 millions sterling. In 1899 it amounted to 264 millions. Of this large sum, no less than five-sixths or 83 per cent. in 1899, and 85 per cent. in 1903, consisted of "Manufactures", so classed by the Board of Trade. Of the remainder about half consisted of coal, which last year amounted in value to £27½ millions. This is a trade which has largely grown and developed at the expense of industries in this country. It has helped to furnish the motive power for our foreign rivals, whose products have thus been assisted to compete effectively with similar articles manufactured in this country. The opportunities for labour which are thereby lost to this country are far from being compensated by the extra labour actually spent on the "getting" of this coal.

Turning our attention mainly to the question of "Manufactures" upon which our industrial stability rests, the following tables have been compiled from the "Annual Statement of the Trade of the United Kingdom" for 1903.

Exports of British Manufactures to Foreign Countries and British Possessions, and percentage of their respective values in 1899.

Year.	Values (million £)		Growth (1899=100)	
	Foreign Countries.	British Possessions.	Foreign Countries.	British Possessions.
1899	142	78	100	100
1900	147	82	103	106
1901	133	91	94	117
1902	132	95	93	122½
1903	137	98	96½	126

Our exports of manufactures to foreign countries have fallen during the last five years by about £10,000,000. In the same time the exports to British possessions have increased by about £20,000,000. The former indicates a diminution of about 3½ per cent., while the latter represents an increase of 26 per cent. Of our total exports of manufactures, about 65 per cent. was sent in 1899 to foreign countries; in 1900 this proportion was 64 per cent.; in 1901 it fell to 59 per cent., and in 1902-3 it fell still further to 58 per cent. In the same time the exports to British possessions rose steadily from 35 per cent. of the total to 42 per cent. of the total.

These results accurately represent the broad changes exhibited in the direction of our trade in recent years. That it is not a spurious increase caused by any peculiar depression in the colonial trade during the war is shown by the following facts. First, the same tendencies manifest themselves at a period many years anterior to the war. Second, the colonies with whom our trade has improved most are Canada and Australasia, which were only indirectly affected by the war. Third, the same movement is exhibited in every branch of our export trade. Except cables, for which no constant market or annual sale is to be expected, the proportion of our exports of every distinct group of manufactures to foreign countries has diminished, and is diminishing; while the proportion to the colonies is increasing. We put the statement in this form, because the element of doubt which enters all comparisons of trade values, caused by the fluctuations in average prices of commodities from year to year, is thereby eliminated. It is assumed that similar fluctuations in prices will affect equally the values of exports to the colonies and other countries. The relative proportions become therefore a safer guide as to existing tendencies than the absolute values.

In the following table is shown the values of our exports to the colonies and British possessions in the years 1899, 1901, and 1903:

Values of British Manufactures exported to the Colonies and British Possessions in several years, and their proportions to the total value of manufactures of the same description exported.

Description.	Values (million £).			Percentages.		
	1899.	1901.	1903.	1899.	1901.	1903.
Iron and Steel Manufactures...	9½	10½	14½	35	44	48
Other Metals and Manufactures...	1½	2	2½	23	30	38
Cutlery, Hardware &c.	1½	2	2½	43	49	52
Telegraph Cables	½	2	½	60	66	26
Machinery	5½	6	7½	27	33	39
New Ships	½	½	1	4	5	23
Wood and Timber Manufactures...	½	½	1	57	66	71
Textiles	36½	41½	40½	35	39	36
Apparel	4	5	6½	81	83	83
Chemicals, Dyes &c.	3	3½	3½	29	33	32
Leather and Manufactures	1½	2½	2½	48	57	56
Earthenware and Glass	1½	1½	1½	41	49	50
Paper	½	1	1½	63	67	65
Miscellaneous	9	10½	11½	43	47	50
Total	77½	90½	97½	35	41	42

It is hardly necessary to give separately the figures for our exports to foreign countries. Everywhere there is an increase, sometimes very considerable, in the value and proportions to the colonies, and per contra it is inferred that there has been a diminution of exactly the same proportion in the takings of foreign countries. In the exports of cutlery, leather, and earthenware and



glass manufactures the colonies are now beginning to take more than half of our total exports. In iron and steel, they will very shortly be doing so. In timber manufactures, apparel, and paper, we are becoming every year more and more dependent on our colonial markets, which have always taken the major portion of our exported products of these manufactures.

Even if we take our transshipment trade, or the export trade in foreign and colonial merchandise, the same features manifest themselves. This is seen in the following short table for the last few years.

Exports of Foreign and Colonial Manufactures to Foreign Countries and British Possessions.

Year.	Value (million £).		Growth (1899=100).	
	Foreign Countries.	British Possessions.	Foreign Countries.	British Possessions.
1899	13½	3½	100	100
1901	14½	4	104	108
1903	14½	4½	103½	135

While our total re-exports of manufactures have increased by nearly £2,000,000, representing an increase of about 10 per cent., our exports to foreign countries have increased by 3½ per cent. only, while to the British possessions the increase amounts to 35 per cent. It may be legitimately questioned whether, in the case of re-exported goods any distinction should be made, from our point of view, in the different classes of our exports. This contention, however, loses its sting when the larger figures of the total re-exports are similarly treated. While to foreign countries the total re-exports have increased from £58,400,000 in 1899 to £61,200,000 in 1903 or by 4 per cent.; the corresponding figures for the colonies show an increase from £6,700,000 to £8,200,000 or by 24 per cent.

We propose in the next article to deal with the question of the share of the total colonial trade, which is taken by Great Britain.

### THE CITY.

THE hardening of rates in the Money market, imposed as a measure of precaution, rather than of necessity, from the fear that a sudden demand may be sprung upon London for gold, has been the only disturbing feature in the upward movement of prices on the Stock Exchange during the past week. The increased activity in stocks has caused a greater demand for loanable capital, but although the finance houses and bankers are willing and able to assist in the movement as far as possible the recollection of the events of the past fortnight serves as an effective curb. The finer securities have of course chiefly reflected the temporary pinch of accommodation, but there has been a fairly good demand for colonial stocks, and first-class bonds yielding about 4 per cent. have also been absorbed by the insurance companies.

The more speculative securities have been active in almost every department of the Exchange. It is evident that the sustained "bull" operations of Wall Street have attracted a much larger section of the public on this side than we had thought possible, and although a certain volume of purchases reported as done on London account is probably a "masked" transaction on behalf of Wall Street, a substantial number of shares have been placed with English speculators: we hope that the result may not be a repetition of the "boom" of three years ago and that the British public may not be found loaded with stock when a reaction sets in to more normal levels. The election of Mr. Roosevelt ensures a continuity of policy which is of course a strong "bull" point and the improvement in the economic conditions of the United States to which we have referred in previous issues is also an argument in favour of a steady expansion, but it would be unreasonable to assume that prices can continue to rise at the rate they have done during the past few months and the punter must be prepared. The investor who bought into the first grade lines mentioned by us on several occasions will have done well, but, with the exception perhaps of Southern Pacific shares, prices are too high to permit a recommendation of further purchases at the present time.

The strength of South African mining shares has

been the feature of the week, and the advance has been warranted. The speech of the chairman of the Consolidated Goldfields Company at the annual meeting effectually disposed of the bugbear of Chinese labour as conceived by the opponents of the scheme. It was clearly demonstrated that the employment of white labour is largely increased by importation of Chinese—or rather by the increase of unskilled labour, for it is immaterial whether it be alien or Kaffir—and the increase in the output for October, amounting to 13,000 ounces, is satisfactory evidence of the improvement in the industry. When one remembers that practically the whole of South Africa directly or indirectly is affected by the prosperity of the mines it is not difficult to understand how the addition of a few thousand ounces in the output is by no means the real measure of its value or importance to South Africa. The debenture issue on behalf of a Cape importing house—Messrs. Cleghorn & Harris Ltd.—alluded to a fortnight ago, will make its appearance next week probably and we commend it to the notice of those seeking a well-secured 5 per cent. investment. The debentures amounting to £250,000 are for a term of thirty years with due provision for a sinking fund and the security to be pledged in real estate, freehold and leasehold, is valued at £411,000, whilst the stock, book debts &c. bring the total to £750,000. It will be seen that the issue is excellently covered as to principal, and whilst the service of the debt will amount to £12,500 annually the average profits for the past four years figure at £55,000.

The new Six per Cent. Japanese loan for £12,000,000 will also have made its appearance before our next issue, and although the security is a second charge only on the Customs receipts, there still remains a surplus under that head after provision for the interest on the total debt of £24,000,000, as it will stand, to which this security is specially hypothecated. The new issue is quoted at a premium of 2 per cent., and with the co-operation of New York to the extent of £6,000,000 the success of the loan is assured.

### INSURANCE.

#### SOME NEW POLICIES.

SOME new policies of more than usual interest have been introduced by various insurance companies in preparation for the campaign which Life offices conduct so vigorously in the closing months of a year. One of the most attractive is the minimum-premium system of the London Life. It is well known that the ordinary policies of this association are exceptionally good, but they suffer from the drawback that it is necessary to pay a very high rate of premium for the first seven years: at the end of this period they are reduced to about one-half and are subject to further gradual reductions. For many people it is most inconvenient to pay these high rates of premium, and so the association has introduced a policy, the rates for which are as low as, or lower than, the smallest premiums charged by other companies for non-participating assurance. The sum assured is definitely guaranteed, and the policyholder is under no liability to pay any extra premium in the unlikely event of future bonuses being at a lower rate than the present. But he has the further advantage of participating in future profits. The share of the bonus under the minimum-premium system is a reduction of the premiums, always less by fifty than the percentage of the reduction given to full premium policies. Thus, if after twelve years the ordinary policies were entitled to a reduction of 65 per cent., the minimum-premium policy would be entitled to a reduction of premium to the extent of 15 per cent. We have frequently stated the objections to the ordinary bonus system and this new policy of the London Life is further evidence of the tendency of the best companies to dispense with claiming high rates of premium and returning the excess to policy-holders in the form of bonuses. Under this policy the premium is exceptionally low and the contract is absolutely guaranteed. If, however, experience proves, as it doubtless will, that the London Life, with its economical management, can provide insurance protection at an even lower rate than it charges to begin

with, then the policy-holder gets the benefit in the shape of future reductions of premium. The system is applied to policies under which the sum assured is payable at death, and the premiums continue for life or for a limited number of years and to endowment assurances. It is difficult to say without detailed reference that this is the best policy that can be obtained, but it is certain that few, if any, policies are better.

The National Mutual has copied an idea which came originally from the American companies. Treating the premiums paid for endowment assurance as an investment yielding an immediate income the Society undertakes to pay interest at 3 per cent. per annum upon the whole of the premiums paid. For instance, a man aged thirty for an annual premium of £100 can effect assurance for £1,806, which is paid, with bonuses in addition, at the end of twenty-five years, or at death if previous. At the end of the first year he receives an income of £3; at the end of the second year he receives an income of £6, being 3 per cent. on the £200 paid in premiums, and so on. At the end of the twenty-five years he receives the £1,806 with the probable addition of £720 for bonuses, making a total of £2,526 in return for the £2,500 paid to the office. He thus secures an income at the rate of 3 per cent. per annum upon the whole of the amount paid in premiums, the return of his capital at the end of the endowment period, and in addition assurance against death during the whole of the period, which latter benefit is of very considerable financial value. This system has a further advantage over investment in stocks or shares, since if the amount paid in premiums does not exceed one-sixth of a man's income, he can claim rebate of income-tax. So long as this tax continues at 1s. in the £, a payment of £100 a year to the Life office is in these circumstances equivalent to the payment of only £95 a year, since a man can obtain rebate of £5. Thus, in twenty-five years, on this basis, he would only pay £2,375 instead of £2,500, and would probably make a profit of at least £150 at the end of the term. In giving these figures we are calculating that the society will only pay a bonus of 28s. per cent. per annum upon sums assured and previous bonuses; but so far as we can judge the probabilities are that the future bonuses will be at a slightly higher rate than this. The financial position of the National Mutual is beyond all question, and this new 3 per cent. investment offers much greater attractions than are presented by ordinary stocks and shares.

#### "GOING DOWN."

TOWNS often present a phenomenon which attracts by its air of mystery and has always furnished much matter for moralisings on the changes and vicissitudes of our mortal life. The decay of neighbourhoods and of streets is a topic in favour at dinner tables and in the gossip of the family; and on this theme novelists have written some of their most picturesque and pathetic chapters. Thackeray delighted in it, and the contrast of once fashionable quarters with their deteriorated air of shabby gentility, and the disappearance of all traces of their former distinction, were a text from which he was never tired of preaching his favourite sermon of *vanitas vanitatum*. A comparison seems obvious between these departed glories of the town and the shabby gentility of the man or woman who has "seen better days". There seems to be a silent assumption that the two cases are parallel; and they do at first sight seem so patently alike that it is very rarely the question is raised whether they are so much on all fours as they appear. But this seems to be an instance of a fallacious mental characteristic common to all. We are impressed by the first superficial observations that we make, and leave out of account other facts which lie not quite so near the surface. The change in a neighbourhood or a street which is going down, to use the phrase which everybody uses in this connexion, differs very considerably from that which takes place in the unfortunate individuals whose days of prosperity are past, and for whom there is nothing left but the lees

of the wine of life of which at one time they drank their fill. Their misfortunes from an economic point of view are without compensation, though sometimes like Mr. Gann, they may be really happier in recalling their past glories than they were when they were actually in possession of them. Poverty, and poverty alone, is the cause of their dilapidated appearance; and their threadbare garments proclaim the bare inimitable fact that there exists no tailor who is under any misapprehension as to the condition of their finances. But when the neighbourhood or the street loses the savour of aristocracy, or of elegance, or refinement, or respectability which it once enjoyed, it is more often the case than not that the change really denotes an economic movement for the better. Everybody concerned has gone up and has not gone down. We are speaking of course of residential neighbourhoods or streets, and not of places which have fallen into decay as some of the old towns did when stage coaches were superseded by the railway, or through changes of fashion, or foreign competition in the articles on which they formerly flourished. These are mostly calamities without a bright side for the people directly concerned, though the expert jugglers of economics may discourse complacently of the fluidity of labour and capital and other such toys of the imaginative arm-chair philosopher.

When a neighbourhood or street begins to lose its former characteristics, the people who are too fastidious to continue living in it do not leave it because they have become poorer. They are elbowed out gradually by newcomers whose encroachments are a sign that they are ambitious and are attempting to rise in the social scale. What is taking place is not a tragedy but a comedy. It is the old story of the toe of the peasant galling the kibe of the courtier; and the old residents are furious at the pretensions of the upstarts who can no longer be barred out of the sacred precincts. So the old nobility takes flight from Lincoln's Inn Fields to avoid the pushing upstart lawyer. Their settlements in the regions of Bloomsbury and the squares adjoining S. Pancras are invaded in time by the Osbornes from the City, the trade millionaires of the time, and by the middle-class judges for whom Lincoln's Inn Fields became at length too professional. They and others of the higher professional classes, such as the fashionable doctors, take every opportunity of renting the houses that become vacant in quarters where beforetime they would not have thought of intruding. Doctors especially take gradual possession in this way of whole streets, and oust their patients who do not care for residence in what with grim humour become known as the valleys of the shadow of death. The movement of all these classes as they become more prosperous and ambitious is westward. Why this should always happen everywhere is one of those mysteries that have never been solved. In London it might be suggested that it is to escape the east winds, and the same might be said of Edinburgh: except for the fact that in neither case does it bring the least alleviation. It is a fact that locally as well as in the larger theatre of the world the course of empire takes its way westward. But the modern hordes that make their irruptions on the more fashionable or select quarters of our towns are not driven by stress of poverty. It is the desire of proclaiming that they are in a position to take a higher stage in life. The City bachelor, prosperous, gay, would-be modish, desires to be near the fashionable people whom he admires, envies, and emulates as far as he can. He would have his rooms away from the purlieu of his business district. The aspiring lodging-house or boarding-house landlady desires to escape from the Todgerses of the East. She keeps a sharp eye on all possible openings for setting up her household gods in regions which she knows are favoured by a clientèle of the same aspirations as herself, and whom she wishes to attract by offering them more fashionable quarters.

Nothing is more dreaded by the ordinary residents in a street that "fancies" itself than the first approaches of the lodging and boarding house. From the moment that dreaded spectre makes its appearance the exodus gradually begins. In spite of restrictions in leases a time comes when such a house has planted itself in a neighbourhood of this kind. Then the people on each



side of it grow fidgety. Soon they dispose of their houses; and as the gap has been already made it is likely to be filled up by rival lodging-house keepers or by others of a lower *couche sociale* than were to be found there before. Nevertheless they will be people who look on the transition as a social rise which they could only take at a propitious moment of their careers. The process goes on like a succession of waves, each taking the place of the other, until you get a limited number of districts in a town beyond which there lies no other refuge for those who dislike the pushing neighbours who have followed them to their last retreats. What is there for the highest ranks but to submit to the invasion of their Mayfairs and Belgravias by what appears to them to be a mob of *nouveaux riches* with no claims to distinction? They consider the neighbourhood of these people a lowering of the prestige which was once conferred on the locality by their presence. The magnificent cachet of a dignified address has been defaced; though the newcomers are proud enough of it. It is to them a source of satisfaction and a gratification of their vanity and ambition. That they can use it at all means much to them. It is a symbol of their success; and we see from this instance more obviously than from any other, that in fact the so-called decadence of a neighbourhood is such only from a particular point of view. The other aspect of the matter is generally left out of account. What seems like decadence is really much more a phenomenon of vitality and growth. It implies vigour, activity, progress rather than decay and stagnation. It is amusing this chasing out of one class by another until the highest of all is cooped up in its little areas with nowhere else to emigrate. The advances of the barbarians must be endured; unless these fastidious give up town houses and retire in offended dignity to country places where the crowding of upstarts can be more easily escaped. A time does indeed come in the history of many streets when changes cease to take place. There is no further going down of the sort we have been considering. A lowest point has been reached; and the classes there receive no recruits from those who are going up. The neighbourhood has "gone down" irremediably. It only awaits its doom: to be pulled down for street improvements or to make room for a railway. It disappears from the face of the earth.

#### PARMA VIOLETS.

PALE purple flowers, sweet lingering scent,  
Magical violets—

Ah to what depths your message went,  
Unloosed what winged regrets.

\* \* \* \* \*  
How swift across the silent years,  
Across the sundering sea,  
From night and rain of desolate tears  
I come again to Thee.

Sharp from illusion drawn I see  
How thin the veil of Death,  
Whose mists fade melted suddenly  
Before a flower's frail breath.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Cover my heart; hide tenderly  
(Violet on violet)  
My tears for fear the cold world see  
All I would not forget.

ALTHEA GYLES.

#### DRAWINGS AND PRINTS.

(*The Society of Twelve.*)

THE crumbling down of big artistic institutions into small goes on, and there is no help for it at present; the big institutions, heavily committed morally or financially, are engaged in the weariful pursuit of average bad taste; to attract the big public that will keep them crowded this, rightly or wrongly, they reckon they must do. The theatres, involved in costly production, produce pieces which it is a weariness and a shame for anyone with a mind to see and listen to. The only chance for drama is in small beginnings addressed to little groups of people. The opera has killed itself in its fumble for the money of the vulgar rich. Concerted music is in a better way, not only because it was the most living art of the time before our own, but also because it does not allow of extravagance of setting, and subdues the vanity of individual performers. In the exhibitions of the graphic arts secession follows secession, as each association in its turn acquires bad habits and pursues the common taste. The Academy long ago, for example, forced the water-colourists to form their own associations. These, in their turn, as I pointed out the other day, have, by their ideal and their regulations, done more harm to water-colour than the neglect of the Academy could bring about. Later still the original engravers became dissatisfied and formed the association of the Painter-Etchers. This, in its turn, becomes so inartistic and inelastic that it lets slip the best etchers of the day, and it cannot contrive to include other kinds of prints.

A new society has accordingly come into being and holds its first exhibition at Messrs. Obach's. It is composed after the fashion that has become usual at the more elastic of recent exhibitions, of drawings, namely, combined with varieties of print. The inclusion of drawings is the right line to take, and their inclusion suggests that in future drawings multiplied by some photographic process may very likely take a predominant place in such exhibitions. Etching and original engraving on metal or wood are in our day much more special forms of art than when they were the only possible ways of multiplying a design. They will always attract a certain number of artists by a real liking for their capabilities and limits, and etchings more especially have a commercial appeal to the collector because the number of good reproductions from a plate that has not been steel-faced is limited. But there can be little doubt that in future drawing itself, which can be facsimiled by collotype, will take the lead, and the older methods of multiplication will be cultivated in degree as they approach free drawing. Wood engraving least, except, perhaps, for colour-work, because the mechanism of cutting away wood is farthest removed from drawing. Etching and drypoint have a much better chance of cultivation, and lithography, which is drawing with chalk upon a stone, has no mechanical disqualification except for those who dislike lithographic chalk. The order in which these arts of multiplication were invented represents a continuous approach to the ideal of a drawing made as a drawing and reproducible mechanically. That has been pretty nearly attained by modern processes, and there is no reason, except the apathy of the public and the jealousy of the collector, why drawings should not be reproduced and sold in a way profitable to artists and public alike. In Hogarth's time his laborious engravings could be sold at one shilling each and yet sometimes earn him £12 in a day; there is no reason, if the public were large enough, why lithographs should not be sold for a shilling or a penny each. But the big public, which considers that it cannot afford to buy pictures, has lost the habit of buying anything. It has taken on the exhibition-habit of looking at countless works of art without the intention of possessing any. The only buying it does is of cheap art-magazines, and these are cheap for the very simple reason that artists give their work to the editors for nothing. The idea is that this advertises them; it really cuts the ground away from under their feet; for the public, which can buy a bookful of assorted drawings (for which the artist gets nothing) at a shilling is confirmed in the habit of not buying the originals.

Artists, then, if they wish the buying habit to be restored, must cut off this dubious advertising-business, and in doing so will free us from a particularly nauseous kind of writing—the articles which are turned out to accompany such advertisements. The public, as Mr. Strang's success shows, can be brought to see that an oil-painting is not the only form of desirable art, and that even in the difficult branch of portraiture. Difficult, because here the photograph competes, both in the case of portraits commissioned by the purchaser and in the case of portraits of the illustrious. The photograph will always be with us; its impersonal likenesses and its impersonal unlikenesses, its intimacies of detection, its irrelevances of gossip about the illustrious, alike endear it to curiosity; but the drawing begins to take the field again on its own merits. In Mr. Strang's hands it can beat the camera on its own ground of scrupulous exactitude; witness the portrait at Obach's of Mr. Campbell Dodgson. But that drawing, extraordinary in its skill of exactitude, is not one of Mr. Strang's most artistic successes. We can wager the future of the drawing better on cases like some other examples of Mr. Strang's men at the Dutch Gallery, on Mr. Rothenstein's head at Obach's in two chalks, an intense reading of a man, with no making out of superfluous fact, or on his lithograph of Mr. H. G. Wells, one of the very best in a gallery of contemporaries that begins to compete in numbers with Mr. Watts's.

I have said so much in a general way that I shall not attempt to take the collection in detail. The exhibition contains Mr. Conder's new lithographs, a fine drawing and a set of woodcuts by Mr. Ricketts, lithographs and drawings by Mr. Shannon, work by Mr. Nicholson, Mr. Cameron, Mr. Sturge Moore, Mr. Gordon Craig. Mr. Clausen has cultivated too peculiar a form of broken drawing in pastel to come back suddenly to pure line. The etched head that opens the catalogue is comically bad and uncharacteristic. I merely mention all these, and will give my remaining space to two artists, not so well known as some of them, but whose work is first-rate.

The first of these is Mr. A. E. John. One or two of the etchings might appear, on a first glance, to have an element of preciousness, too close a reference to Rembrandt. A second look will show what downright draughtsman's and artist's power is in them. The chalk heads in the other room, more particularly one in the centre, suggest, even for a moment, no such first thoughts. They are filled with an abounding fluent life that for kind can be paralleled only from masters like Rubens, and have something of his enormous appetite of form, to which nothing human comes amiss. Drawing like this is almost as plastic as sculpture, and after a generation of two-dimensional mapping, or of a third dimension expressed by "atmosphere" only and not by modelling, it raises the spirits. People apparently are shy of this first-rate work, partly because of the raid it makes upon gentleness and prettiness, partly because of a superstition that a drawing cannot justify its right to exist unless it is turned into an engraving or a painting. Mr. John can justify himself in both these arts, but there is no need of it for the drawings. They are final of their kind.

The second is Mr. Muirhead Bone. His chief work lies in the portraiture of buildings, pressed close, almost beyond anything on record, to their anatomy and skin. More especially he loves that architecture of scaffolding, which lasts only for a little and makes many a poor building noble and subtle while it lasts. This passion has availed to support him on an "island" in Bond Street, till he had traced out the bewildering lines and shadows of his present subject, in drawings pieced together, from the necessities of his jostled standpoint, in small sections. These he has combined in the drawing shown here, and rendered in the astonishing drypoint. Besides this are less arduous but not less beautiful pieces; a lovely drawing of a brewer's cart among them, and the delicate view of a little Sussex village. To admire Méryon, to admire the early etchings of Whistler is now a commonplace of collectors; there is some credit to be won by the first collectors who understand that we have among us another great draughtsman and etcher of architecture.

D. S. MACCOLL.

#### MR. SHAW AT HIS BEST.

HAD Mr. Shaw been born in France, or in Germany, he would be at this moment the most popular playwright in Paris, or in Berlin. There is not the shadow of a doubt of that. As it is, he is becoming popular in Berlin. In New York he is popular already. Another decade will, with luck, see him popular in London. Meanwhile, I suppose, we must be grateful that his plays do manage to get themselves performed, somehow, somewhere, on the sly. During the past two weeks there have been some matinées of his latest play, "John Bull's Other Island", at the Court Theatre. It seemed natural that the auditorium had not been warmed on the bitterly cold day when I found myself there. But the temperature made me feel rather anxious; for in England, a country whose natural breed is dullards, any intellectual activity—and it is only the actively intellectual persons who go out of their way to special matinées—generally carries with it some grave physical delicacy; and we cannot spare aught of such intellectual activity as is going on among us. A man might die worse than in seeing a play by Mr. Shaw. But it seems a pity that he should not live to tell the tale. Moreover, I am quite sure that if Mr. Shaw's plays were more seductively produced, they would appeal even to the dullards at large. In a warm theatre, within the regular radius for theatres, after nightfall—in fact, with just those cheerful commercial circumstances which are withheld from them—these plays would soon take the town. The dull middleman shakes his head, mutters some dull shibboleth, dives his hand into a pigeon-hole, and calls rehearsals of a new play which has nothing whatever to recommend it except its likeness to the present failure, and to the last failure, and to the failure before last.

The critics, for the most part, are scarcely less dull than the managers themselves. Over "John Bull's Other Island" they have raised their usual parrot-cry: "Not a play". This, being interpreted, means "Not a love-story, split neatly up into four brief acts, with no hint that the characters live in a world where other things besides this love-story are going on". In "John Bull's Other Island" there is a love-story. But it occurs only in the fabric of the main scheme. This main scheme is to present the character of a typical Englishman against a typically Irish background—to throw up the peculiarities of the Englishman by contrast with various types of Irishman and various phases of Irish life, and to throw up the peculiarities of Ireland by contrast with the invader. This scheme Mr. Shaw carries out in four long acts, two of which contain two scenes apiece. Not much actually happens in the play. The greater part of the play is talk: and this talk is often not relevant to the action, but merely to the characters, and to things in general. Pray, why is this not to be called a play? Why should the modern "tightness" of technique be regarded as a sacred and essential part of dramaturgy? And why should the passion of love be regarded as the one possible theme in dramaturgy? Between these two superstitions lies the main secret of the barrenness of modern British drama. The first of them wards away the majority of men of creative literary power, who cannot be bothered to pick up the manifold little tricks and dodges which go to the making of what the critics call "a play". The second prevents playwrights from taking themes which would both invigorate their work through novelty and bring the theatre into contact with life at large.

Of course, I do not pretend that every good novelist could write a good play. There are essential differences between dramaturgy and any other form of literary work. My contention is that the dramatic instinct is no more rare than the narrative instinct, and that any man who has the dramatic instinct will, with a little practice, be able to write a good play. It is lucky for us that Mr. Shaw has not, like the vast majority of creative writers, been frightened away from the theatre. He has—though not, I wager, in a greater degree than many other men who dare only write novels—an instinct for the theatre; and he can with perfect ease express his ideas effectively through



the dramatic form. None of our most fashionable playwrights could give him points in such technique as is really necessary. None is less amateurish in essentials. Mr. Shaw evolves his "situations" with perfect naturalness, and brings his characters off and on, and handles a whole crowd of them simultaneously on the stage, without the least apparent effort. He has, also, this great natural advantage in the writing of dialogue: he can always express himself directly, in a clean-cut manner. He is a thinker, and often a very subtle thinker. But he is also a public speaker, accustomed to dispense with that form in which his thoughts can be pondered at leisure, and to make the best of that form in which they must be caught as they fly. From the stage, then, as from the platform, his thoughts never elude us. We never have to pause to consider what he meant in the last line. It is always well to read a play by him at leisure, when it is published as a book; for the thoughts in it fly too thickly for us to remember them all after a performance. But at the moment of its utterance his every thought flies straight to our brain. As his thoughts are, so (I apologise for the arbitrary distinction) are his jests. His humour always gets well across the footlights, even when the fun of the thing said derives nothing from the character of its sayer or from the moment in which it is said. Thus, when Broadbent, the English Liberal candidate in Ireland, talks to his Irish fiancée about the canvassing, and is met by her reluctance to talk to "common people", he cries "Oh, but we must be thoroughly democratic, and patronise everybody without distinction of class". That is not even a caricature of anything that Broadbent would say. It is just a critical conceit of Mr. Shaw's. It is, therefore, not stage-humour, in the strict sense. But it is stage-humour in so far as it is so delightfully simple and sudden—a joke which not a soul in the audience can miss. However, these detached jests are rare in Mr. Shaw's play. Most of the fun comes of a slight exaggeration on the things that the character actually would say. But Mr. Shaw has also the art of extracting a ridiculous effect from every scenic situation. Broadbent has been selected as candidate quite unexpectedly, and on the spur of the moment. His valet has not heard the news. "Now, Hodson", says Broadbent, "you mustn't be stand-offish with the people here. I should like you to be popular, you know". "I'm sure you're very kind, Sir", says Hodson; "but it don't seem to matter much whether they like me or not. I'm not going to stand for Parliament here, Sir". "Well", replies Broadbent, dramatically, "I am". This passage is not excruciatingly funny to read. But it is, as anyone with dramatic instinct can imagine, excruciatingly funny to hear. Again, I might describe for you the scene in which Broadbent suddenly, by moonlight, makes his proposal of marriage, and is supposed by the young Irish lady to be intoxicated, and is by her converted to that uncomfortable belief, and led gently home by her; or I might describe the scene in which Broadbent drives away with a peasant's pig in his motor; but these descriptions would seem to me tame in comparison with the actual thing. There you have one of the tests of true dramatic humour: the inadequacy of pen and ink for a proper reproduction of it. Of all our playwrights Mr. Shaw is by far the most richly gifted with this humour. And of all his plays "John Bull's Other Island" is fullest of this humour. Yet none of our managers, gloomily hovering around Portugal Street, will offer the play to a public against which the obvious (and self-made) indictment is that it goes to the theatre just to be amused.

"Just to be amused." There is much besides amusement to be got out of this play (a fact which would, I suppose, form the manager's silly excuse for not producing it). Indeed, I think that none of Mr. Shaw's plays has so much serious interest. From all his plays one derives the pleasure that there is in finding a playwright who knows, and gives us, something of the world at first hand—a playwright who, moreover, has a philosophic view of things, and can criticise what he sees. Such displeasure as we have in Mr. Shaw's plays comes from the sense that Mr. Shaw is a little too sure of himself and his philosophy—a little too loudly consistent about everything to be right about most

things. In this latest play of his, he seems to have mellowed into something almost like dubiety, without losing anything of his genius for ratiocination. He himself figures largely, as usual; this time in the person of Laurence Doyle, a disillusioned Irishman. But he does not have it all so signally his own way. Indeed, he is altogether put in the shade by an unfrocked priest, a mystic, who touches a note of visionary wisdom that makes every other character seem cheap and absurd. However, the principal motive of the play is not to give us the philosophy of this mystic, or Mr. Shaw's philosophy, but to give us Broadbent, the Englishman, just as he is. Certainly, Mr. Shaw never created so perfect a type as Broadbent. Some years ago, in "Cæsar and Cleopatra", he gave us a person named Britannus, illustrating the peculiarities of the modern Englishman against an antique Roman background. But Britannus, albeit delightful, was only a sketch. Broadbent is a full-length portrait, minutely finished; and, moreover, the figure stands out more sharply against modern Ireland than Britannus' figure stood out against Rome, inasmuch as the modern Englishman is more akin to the ancient Roman than to the modern Irishman. Broadbent in business, Broadbent in politics, Broadbent in love, Broadbent in all the various relations of life, is certainly Mr. Shaw's masterpiece of observation and of satire. The satire is the more deadly by reason of (what Broadbent would call) the "conspicuous fairness" with which it is accomplished. Mr. Shaw sees all Broadbent's good points, and lays stress on everything that is not absurd in him. The tone is always kindly, even affectionate. We are quite sure that justice is being done. Fullest justice; and so—poor Broadbent! All Englishmen ought to see Broadbent. No Englishman could deny the truth of Broadbent. Indeed, no thoroughbred Englishman would wish to deny the truth of Broadbent. That is the cream of the joke.

MAX BEERBOHM.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### THE READING OF UPPER-CLASS GIRLS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Cheltenham Ladies' College, 10 November, 1904.

SIR,—The discussion regarding the sort of books which are chiefly read by girls, will be useless, if it ends in mere denunciation; I do hope that this discussion will not so end, but lead to an inquiry whether the allegations made by Mrs. Steel and Miss Longhurst are justified, and if so, what remedies are available. It is so easy to complain of those amongst whom one lives, and to point to evils; I often turn to such persons, and ask, "What are you doing to correct those evils?" My own experience and that of other headmistresses seems to lead to this conclusion:—that few of the girls we have to do with read what we may call bad novels, but, when left to themselves, they read almost nothing of any real value for developing the intellectual life. Light magazines and weak stories take up the little leisure given to general reading. Miss Lumby, who has had a wide experience at Cambridge, at Cheltenham, and at a private school writes, "The average girl, fresh from school, reads the magazines, but little else. She cannot be said to have a favourite author, for she thinks little of the writer, as long as what she reads amuses her. Poetry she never touches, and solid prose of any kind she finds too difficult. When a girl does really care for reading, it is because the atmosphere of the home is favourable to it."

I have just received a letter on the subject from the headmistress of the Durham High School. She has given the last seven years a prize for holiday reading. The books selected for seniors (12 to 17) are novels by Scott, Thackeray, &c.; or a poem as "Evangeline" "Passing of Arthur" &c. . . For juniors, Kingsley's "Water Babies", or books of that type.

Out of seventy or eighty, about eight will compete. Those who do sometimes write good papers, showing they have read with real enjoyment, but very few take

the trouble to read the books. When I ask what they have read, they answer "Magazines".

Much can be done in the home, which is impossible in a day school; the system described by Mrs. Steel must have been an excellent training for the taste and judgment. Such parental guidance is most necessary—and the proposal to turn children loose in a library and let them browse is not generally commendable. We do not leave children to choose without guidance their own food. Our desire should be to form a healthy appetite, and to cultivate the taste; this is the only safeguard against the influence of evil books; those who have good food do not wish to feed on garbage, and as Milton has pointed out in the "Areopagitica", it is impossible to shut out evil: we cannot by closing the Park gates keep out the crows.

The reading aloud (which made my home evenings so delightful) is too much neglected; there is even in prose a great deal that cannot be fully appreciated when the eye alone is used, and the poets must be heard as well as seen. All parents cannot read with their children, or guide them as they would wish, and some are too careless to do so. They let their children have the correlative of the champagne, exciting fiction, which destroys their appetite for good things.

We here do our best to cultivate a taste for reading by forming house libraries: we suggest books for the holidays, we inquire of the pupils on their return what books they have chosen for themselves, and we spend some time in discussing these; but schools cannot do everything, and we do want more co-operation on the part of the parents. (They may get help from the Parents' Educational Union.)

Publishers are doing much good in bringing out cheap editions of good books, and volunteers could do useful work in lending libraries by helping girls to select what is worth reading. At the Working Women's College, Miss Martin and her friend made a great point of being in the library to give out books. Recently an association has been formed for opening booksellers' shops, where only books should be sold, and by educated women. There is much unwillingness to help, but it is a great thing to possess oneself of books that should be read again and again, and to be able to mark one's favourite passages.

Girls should also read books which give examples of those who have distinguished themselves by hard study, and can tell of its rewards. "The Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties", Todd's "Student's Guide", &c., did much to stimulate my own intellectual life. Principal Lodge's "Pioneers", and other biographies of great discoverers, make one ashamed of leading a mere idle life; one learns that there must be a gymnastic of mind as well as of body. Miss Soulsby's "Stray Thoughts on Reading" gives much good advice.

We have reading societies connected with our guild, and a large library of about 7,000 volumes in which elder girls can sit and read during spare hours. All the twenty houses have their own libraries of lighter works. It is of little use for girls to go to universities who have not learnt to read for themselves, but expect to be fed with spoon-meat.

I do earnestly wish that more members were forthcoming for that admirable society, the National Home Reading Union, Surrey House, Victoria Embankment. I constantly recommend it to girls leaving Cheltenham. The subscription for membership is very low, from 1s. 6d. to 3s. 6d., and less for those belonging to a circle. We were lately told that the society was in danger of bankruptcy; so a special appeal was made, which brought in enough to tide over the present difficulties. Mr. Carnegie headed the list with £100. There are three sections: (1) for those quite young, (2) for an ordinary girl in her teens, and (3) for those taking special courses. Magazines are published for each section; these contain lists of books, and criticisms on the works recommended. More honorary subscribers are wanted, and I think the society would be well advised to raise the subscription somewhat to the members. Now that free libraries abound, such a society is most useful. It is lamentable to see the "ladies' papers filled with fashion plates, suggesting too often means of deforming the body; we want

to bring our girls into a healthier intellectual and moral environment, and then our women will have resources in themselves, in their homes, and in right occupations which will make them unwilling to waste their powers upon foolish newspapers, and a literature which destroys the power of thought, and distorts the whole aspect of life.

Yours faithfully,

DOROTHEA BEALE LL.D.

Principal of the Cheltenham Ladies' College.

#### CHARITY VOTING REFORM.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—May I send you an illustration from a list of 81 candidates for ten annuities, each of which, with present income, is not to bring the total income of any successful woman applying above £45 a year?

Age.		Number of times already applied.		Number of votes.		Condition.
69	...	20	...	1,125	...	paralysed
68	...	18	...	1,439	...	chronic bronchitis
65	...	16	...	1,983	...	chron. rheum.
73	...	16	...	1,138	...	aged
67	...	15	...	1,739	...	paralysed

Yours obediently,

F. J. M.

#### A MISUSE OF "VERY".

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Frisby-on-the-Wreake, Leicestershire,  
2 November, 1904.

SIR,—To the list of transgressions in ordinary language may be added the common misuse of "very" as an adverb of degree in certain locutions which contain a past participle. "Very" has an interesting history. From an early date it began to lose its original limited use as a pure adjective and Wiclif's "I am the very vine" became in the A.V. (1611) "I am the true vine". The "Very God" of the Nicene Creed sounds to modern ears an almost unpardonable archaism. Chaucer ("Knight's Tale") uses the word as an adverb of degree "A verray gentle parfitte knight was he". And (later) Shakespeare's "Very like a whale" ("Hamlet") furnishes an example of his use of the word, in a similar manner. An ecclesiastical retention or revival of the primitive use is affected in certain hymns.

But now as far as I am aware the properly recognised province (or office) of the word is to modify adjectives or adverbs of degree; and its indiscriminate use before the past participle passive only tends to confusion of thought. I say "indiscriminate" advisedly, for the delicately gradual "shading off" from the participle into the adjective is a circumstance which makes the boundary line between the two difficult of distinction. The action or "passion" implied in the participle will partake more closely of the verbal, or the adjectival nature, according as it denotes respectively:—

(A) A definite, temporary (often physical) result or effect.

(B) An indefinite, continuous state, usually mental or subjective.

In this latter case (B) the participle becomes to all intents and purposes adjective, and so may perhaps reasonably take "very" alone to express degree—e.g. very contented. In the former case (A) "very" should not be used directly before the participle—"much", "greatly", "deeply", or some such adverb should intervene, e.g. very deeply interested.

Some participial phrases have come to express a decidedly different shade of meaning according as they take "very" or "very much" before them. "He was very hurt", implies an indefinite, mental state, whereas "he was very much hurt" relates to a physical condition especially. Again a person is "very interested" in a matter which evokes a continuous interest, e.g. a lawyer might be "very interested" in a case because of his previous study of the law affecting it, or from being directly connected with the cause itself, whilst a chance spectator might be "very much interested" in the



decision of the court. Perhaps the harshness of the misused "very" will become more apparent when the word is tested, by juxtaposition, in some less frequently used participle conjunctions, e.g. very liked.

Yours faithfully, MATTHEW PEARSON.

#### EXAMINATIONS IN NEW TRAINING COLLEGES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Stockwell, 29 October, 1904.

SIR,—Soon local authorities will be opening training colleges for those King's Scholars whose previous education has been so inadequate that, though they are entitled to a course of training, they fall below the line of those admitted to existing colleges. The newer colleges will thus be supplementary in intention and should make no attempt to fill themselves at the expense of institutions already established, though it may happen that local authorities, by giving the preference to teachers trained in their own institutions, will cause a higher class of student to enter the local colleges than would otherwise do so. This would be a pity; the best students should be encouraged to secure the best available training wherever it is to be found, to leave their native district for two or three years, and later should be brought back, widely experienced, by the offer of generous salaries. This would be true economy; but it is surely false economy to place in each supplementary college a small body of advanced students whose intellectual needs have to be separately catered for. If, however, the newer colleges were free from such students they could perform a most valuable service to education. Their students would be for the most part steady and persevering, ready to work hard and possessed of intelligence, even though its development has been delayed by the hard crust of crammed facts rammed down by examination which represents their previous "education". Their earlier lives are laborious; their college course should be a happy and complete change, and no change would be more beneficial or more welcome than a reduction in the importance if not the complete dethronement of examinations from which they have already suffered so much.

I remain yours faithfully,

FRANK J. ADKINS.

#### FRAUDULENT ADVERTISEMENTS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Kincraig, Cutcliffe Grove, Bedford,  
10 November, 1904.

SIR,—I think it is quite time that certain newspaper proprietors having got on and honour might now get honest, and I say it is not honest to accept money—probably thousands of pounds in the course of the year—for publishing advertisements which the proprietor and all concerned know perfectly well are calculated to delude the ignorant. I refer in particular to advertisements of "electric" belts. I have no personal feeling in this matter beyond that I have always considered that newspaper proprietors should, to some extent, be held responsible for the advertisements they publish, particularly when they are the proprietors of (so-called) religious periodicals. They derive revenue from them, and they ought to make themselves acquainted with the nature of the advertisements. There is no possible excuse in regard to these belts as their nature has been fully exposed.

They can be nothing more than a feeble voltaic pile which can produce no direct effect whatever on the human frame, as the current obtained is infinitesimally small as compared with the resistance of the body. The only thing that can have any effect is the flannel or other substance which forms the body of the belt. A similar result could be produced at the outlay of a few pence. The purveyors of these belts charge guineas when they can get them. I think it is time the Public Prosecutor took action in this matter.

Yours faithfully,

J. A. REID.

#### REVIEWS.

##### SORTES VERGILIANÆ.

"Studies in Virgil." By Terrot Reaveley Glover.  
London: Arnold. 1904. 10s. 6d.

IF any justification were needed for the production of yet another comprehensive study of Vergil, it could easily be found in the fact that after nineteen centuries he is only now beginning to be appraised with justice and critical impartiality. He was the Poet-Laureate of Imperial Rome in the fullest and truest sense, the pride and the despair of the poets of the Latin decadence, a semi-pagan John the Baptist to the early Fathers, a beneficent and all-powerful wizard to mediæval Europe, a model of style and a leader of thought for our poets and orators for generations, a frigid poetaster and unblushing plagiarist to Hegel and Niebuhr and others who ought to have known better, and finally we see him once more raised by the scholars and poets of our time, if not to his ancient throne, at any rate to a fitting position among the immortals. To Tennyson and Frederick Myers, among the poets, Vergil owes this reinstatement, and this book is a later fruit of the healthy reaction in his favour which set in with the French and English scholars of the last century. His influence on English literature is deep and permanent; whichever way we turn we find its traces. Shakespeare felt it; is not the description of the storm in "Othello" markedly Vergilian? Spenser, Browne of Tavistock, Milton, the stylists of Queen Anne, Thomson, and the rest have all known the sway of the Master and followed in his footsteps. When the revolt came and the tradition was broken, it was only for a time. Burns unconsciously and Wordsworth of deliberate purpose set up other standards, and Crabbe was half successful in emancipating himself, for his form was always pseudo-classical. But the interruption was more apparent than real, and Tennyson, directly and indirectly, by eulogy and by imitation, has made ample amends for the intermission of the cult: how much more ample, had he only devoted his later years to giving us an English Vergil such as only he or Myers could have produced.

Setting aside Vergil's splendid rhetoric, which has won him the title of "the orator's poet", his humanity and insight into the pathos and reality of life are no doubt largely responsible for his immortality. He possessed to an extraordinary degree that sense of the spirit of places, which crystallised into the conception of Dryads and Naiads in the Hellenic mind, which finds expression in some of the nature-pieces of the Anthology, permeates Wordsworth and, among moderns, for example, is found in perfection in the descriptive passages of Walter Pater, or in the exquisite "Cité des Eaux" of Henri de Regnier. Vergil has had a message for all times, and his lines have been always fraught with under-meanings and associations to men of every place and nation, to Augustine, to Fénelon, to Dante, to Bacon, and to Pitt. His treatment of the passion of Dido was the first attempt to touch the Romantic string, which was to vibrate down the ages; he has been consulted as an oracle by monks and emperors, and his writings, like the Bible, have become the centre of emotions the most diverse; "they come to us charged with more than an individual passion, and with a meaning wider than their own, with the cry of the despair of all generations, with the yearning of all loves unappeased, with the anguish of all partings, 'beneath the pressure of separate Eternities'."

We have always thought that the essential Vergil is the poet of the Bucolics and especially of the Georgics, not of the *Æneid*. As Mr. Glover points out, he lacks the Homeric lust of fighting, the gloating over battle scenes. His thought turns to the ruin and destruction caused thereby to lives and crops and humble happiness. He is a son of the soil, a lover, and more, an intimate personal friend of nature, steeped in Nature's lore, versed in Nature's ways.

"Thou that singest wheat and woodland,  
Tilth and vineyard, hive and horse and herd,  
All the charm of all the Muses  
Often flowering in a lonely word."

Poet of the happy Tityrus  
 Piping underneath his beechen bowers :  
 Poet of the poet-satyr  
 Whom the laughing shepherds bound with  
 flowers.

Swept into the vortex of the Court, he was encouraged to turn to loftier themes, his imagination kindled at the idea of writing a world-epic which should enshrine the might and majesty of his nation, and the *Æneid* will be always looked on as a poetic triumph; but one feels all the time, and indeed he makes no attempt to conceal it, that his heart is still in the country-side, and that his genius is in uncongenial surroundings.

Mr. Glover's book has formed itself, he tells us, out of professorial lectures, and this organic growth has its conspicuous merits. It results, as in this case, in a minute and painstaking analysis of every branch of his great subject, and indeed of everything that may seem connected therewith; it involves research and erudition, and it often brings into full play that faculty of stimulating other intelligences without which research and erudition are of no avail; it facilitates justice and carefulness of expression and the formation of clear and decisive judgments; but it has also its countervailing disadvantages, and particularly in the case of a poet like Vergil, whose peculiar gift of appealing to an infinite variety of natures demands a like complexity of mental and moral qualities on the part of his interpreter. Thus it is that Vergil has been so variously criticised and by so many diverse minds, and thus it is that no final verdict has ever been nor ever will be passed upon him. We are not quite sure that Mr. Glover is free from that taint of Professorenpoesie which he justly ascribes to the Alexandrines. At any rate no one can assert that the subject is not exhaustively handled. We have chapters on Vergil's environment, social, political and what not; on his literary predecessors and contemporaries, with an able if not always fair estimate of his debt to them—and we might have had more on his own influence on posterity; chapters on Italy and Rome and Augustus; dissertations on Vergil's interpretation of life, his psychology, his æsthetic, his ethics, and his eschatology; chapters of varying value and interest, but all strenuously worked out to a logical conclusion—and yet somehow one questions whether the book will bring nearer to anyone the Vergil of his own ideal. This criticism Mr. Glover anticipates in his preface, and it is perhaps inevitable, as we have attempted to show.

Certain sections are well done, notably his defence of Vergil from the charges of excessive adulation in the matter of his deification of Augustus, for the passage in the first Georgic has been a stumbling block to many; again his chapter on Italy and its formative influence on the poet deserves careful study, and he brings out skilfully the relation between the destinies of Rome and Augustus. Satisfactory too is his examination into the long and sorely debated problem of the behaviour of *Æneas* to *Dido*. The "pious *Æneas*" has been to most readers of the *Æneid* a very unsatisfactory character. He has had his apologists, which the hero of an epic ought not to need, and he has had many merciless critics, notably Charles James Fox, and many energetic champions, notably Dr. Henry. Yet the question has always emerged again, "Is he to be understood as the instrument and in part the victim of relentless Divine purpose, or is he only a cold-blooded vacillating prig?" His treatment of *Dido* has been widely condemned, and Mr. Glover has done something towards extenuating this. *Dido* has been more sympathetically handled as a rule, and perhaps might exclaim, in regard to the present attempt,

"Non tali auxilio nec defensoribus istis!"

Mr. Glover has been somewhat heavy-handed here. Well are we warned—

"Lest, following life in creatures we dissect,  
 We lose it in the moment we detect."

Turning to the least soluble of Vergilian problems, the descent into Hades, we note Mr. Glover's pathetic reference to the unfair habits of archæologists who will insist on upsetting preconceived notions of the ancient religions, "by dint", as he says, "of careful reading

of books which are not literature, some, ancient manuals of antiquities, some, polemical treatises". We sympathise deeply. To undermine a literary Pantheon by non-literary means smacks of the underhand. But of course he sees, as we all see, that it is unavoidable, and, more, salutary, and that the work of Miss Jane Harrison and others will in the end base far broader our conceptions of early religions, and react most favourably on literary criticisms. At any rate we are still waiting for a convincing and consistent explanation of the descent into Hades, and Mr. Glover has not helped us here.

One word of minute fault-finding and we have done. Pope's "needless Alexandrine" has always "dragged its slow" and not "its dull length along", and a footnote quotation from Conington is made absurd by the omission of "h".

"Enough, *Æneas*' son, to know  
 Your hand, unarmed, with shaft and bow  
 Numanus' life has ta'en."

This is an ambitious work, and no doubt many who delight in books on books will read it with profit and pleasure, but scholars, we fancy, while grateful to Mr. Glover for the industry and learning he has devoted to a good cause, will receive the constructive results with undisturbed equanimity.

#### MR. JUSTICE HAWKINS NODDING.

"The Reminiscences of Sir Henry Hawkins Baron Brampton." Edited by Richard Harris K.C. Two vols. London: Arnold. 1904. 30s. net.

"THE Bar, pooh!" exclaims Vivian Grey. "Law and bad jokes until we are forty, and then a coronet and the gout." We sincerely hope that so amiable a personage as Lord Brampton has not got the gout; but he has got a coronet, and he did make bad jokes at the Bar—at least according to his own account. It may be that Lord Brampton, who has so often done it to others, does not do himself justice by these Reminiscences, for he had a great reputation as a sayer of good things. We have searched these volumes in vain for anything above the level of sessions wit, or which could justify the chorus from the daily press that the book is crammed with good stories. Indeed this biography or autobiography is a disappointment, and a confirmation of the fact that the real man is nearly always quite different from the popular conception. The keen and pitiless cross-examiner, the stern and sarcastic judge is revealed to us as a lovable old gentleman, nodding in his arm-chair over "battles long ago", telling five pointless jests to one good one, and rambling on affectionately about dear old So-and-so and his terrier Jack! The editor has done nothing to arrange this strange jumble in chronological order, and merely irritates us by his footnotes, which contain profound utterances like the following, "I have studied Judges all my professional life, and am certain that the less religious or political sentiment imported to the Bench the better it is for the interests of justice". Fancy that now! Lord Brampton himself is unusually bitter about "the waifs and strays of the political world provided for by judgeships"; and there must always be some jealousy of those who climb to the Bench through the House of Commons instead of by the tedious steps of the profession. Mr. Hawkins was only once tempted into the quagmire of politics, and there is a cynical description of an unsuccessful contest at Barnstaple, in which the second Liberal candidate, after a triumphant reception, soon discovered that all they wanted was his money. As this was not forthcoming, but only lectures on purity of election, Mr. Hawkins was promptly thrown over by his colleague and placed at the bottom of the poll. The experience however was very useful to him in the many election petitions in which he was subsequently briefed. We can only cull three from this not very choice anthology of good things. A circus-manager, with a ferocious moustache and a military swagger, was in the box. "Now Captain Phillips", began Hawkins, who was not above the vulgar dodge of making a witness ridiculous. "I am not Captain Phillips: but we are not



all so barefaced as you, Mr. Hawkins." "I beg your pardon, Mr. Phillips: the circus-whip has made you smart." This does not strike us as much above the ordinary circuit level. The second is better. During the first Tichborne trial Sir John Coleridge became Attorney-General by the sudden promotion of Sir Robert Collier to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. Coleridge, one of whose foibles was insistence on the dignity of his place, protested against something as "the head of the English Bar". "Yes", said Ballantine on the other side, "he is the head of the Bar, by an accident". Whereupon Hawkins said in a stage whisper, heard through the court, "A Colliery accident". When he liked, no one could be more gracious than Hawkins, as the third story shows. Fifty years ago Samuel Warren and his novel "Ten Thousand a Year" were on everybody's lips. Warren was a witness in a will case, and after examining him Hawkins said, "Mr. Warren, I owe you an apology for bringing you into the Probate Court. I am sure no one will ever dream of disputing your will, because you have left everybody 'Ten Thousand a Year'!" This strikes us as both graceful and witty.

These Reminiscences are disappointing not only as a repertory of bons mots, but as throwing little or no light on the strenuous life of one of the most successful advocates of the Victorian age. People run to read the lives of successful men in the hope of finding the key to their characters and careers, in order to search for the magic clue which has guided them to the goal which all strive so often fruitlessly to gain. As a rule this hope is vain. Great men either can not or will not communicate their secret to others. Sometimes they lack the power of expressing themselves: sometimes they are unconscious of their own method: sometimes they simply do not choose to make the world a present of their secret. Ask the successful commercial man how he has made his fortune, and generally he will answer, "Oh, by industry and perseverance". The statement is ludicrously and patently untrue. Thousands of industrious and persevering men pass the Bank every day who are painfully unsuccessful. The ten thousandth man has his pint of luck worth a ton of skill, or his knack of judgment; but he is not going to give himself away. Lord Brampton's reticence about his own method of success is, we think, deliberate. Characteristically enough, he plays round the question of his earnings, and with a teasing smile says it is nobody's business but his own. Incidentally he lets us know that when he was young and unemployed, he did not pursue the old-fashioned method of reading law for eight hours a day in his chambers or the Temple library. He went about the world, visiting Tattersall's, Newmarket, the Haymarket, any market where men and women congregate, making acquaintances, and gathering knowledge of human nature. With real genius he saw his line, and took the surest method of apprenticeship. Hawkins was not a great political lawyer, like Brougham and Lyndhurst. He was not a great case lawyer, or arguer of fine points, like Benjamin, Bethell, Palmer, Cairns, or Davey. He was not a great speech-maker, like Charles Russell, or Edward Clarke. But he was the greatest cross-examiner at the English Bar for twenty years, and that is saying a good deal. Cross-examination is a very fine art, which, as its greatest practitioner tells us in these pages, "admits of no mistakes". We have heard the most eloquent advocate of our day, Sir Edward Clarke, put a question in cross-examination, the answer to which upset his whole case. No amount of rhetoric will undo the effect of that. Hawkins never made a mistake of that kind, and he was guided by his varied experience of life, by his profound knowledge of human nature, and by his unfaltering distinction between relevance and irrelevance. The power of cross-examination leads a man to lucrative practice, not in criminal cases, which are poorly paid as a rule, but in compensation work, which, next to the parliamentary bar, is the best paid branch of the profession. Between his causes célèbres and his compensation cases, Hawkins' income must have been very large, though it is true, as Lord Brampton tells us, that you may generally divide a barrister's reputed income by ten. Perhaps the greatest feat in cross-

examination of this past-master was the breaking down of the testimony of Baigent and the black servant in the great Tichborne case.

In 1874 Lord Cairns offered Mr. Hawkins a puisne judgeship, which was refused, for reasons somewhat needlessly set forth, seeing that in 1876 the same offer was accepted. For twenty-two years, from 1876 to 1898, Sir Henry Hawkins was one of the great forces on our judicial bench. He made his mark in the first case he tried, the Penge murder, in which Mr. Edward Clarke also made his mark. Sir Henry Hawkins' attitude and appearance in the judgment seat were those of a hawk ready to strike. His aquiline nose, his glittering green eye, his terrible penetration and unwavering attention, all produced the effect of one about to swoop down upon some one, counsel, prisoner, witness, or usher. It is on his conduct of criminal cases that his fame as a judge will rest: for though his shrewdness and faculty of keeping to the point were invaluable in civil cases, it was easy to see that his heart was in criminal work. He was in truth a great criminal judge. He probably never sentenced an innocent prisoner; and probably fewer guilty prisoners escaped his net than that of any other judge of the day. If counsel for the prosecution or the defence did not know his business, Mr. Justice Hawkins did it for him. And finally he came to have such a reputation with juries that they never thought of disobeying his instructions. By far the most interesting and valuable chapters in these volumes are those in which Lord Brampton writes of the cruelty and injustice of refusing to admit accused persons to bail, and gives us his opinion of the new Act by which prisoners are allowed to give evidence. Our criminal procedure has been pruned of most of its barbarities: but it is surely a cruel injustice that a man accused of a crime should be imprisoned sometimes for months in order to ensure his presence at the trial which is to investigate his guilt. It is only in the case of poor men that bail is not procurable, and we are glad to have Lord Brampton's authority for saying that in these cases nominal bail or even a man's own recognisances should be accepted by the magistrates. With generous candour Lord Brampton admits that he was at first much opposed to the Act which allows a prisoner to give evidence, but that he was completely converted to its benefit by the evidence of a prisoner who procured his acquittal by his own testimony and his manner of giving it. Sir Henry Hawkins had the defects of his qualities. He was so anxious not to pass unduly severe sentences that he adopted the practice of deferring judgments, a habit which he extended to civil cases, and which grew upon him with age, to the great inconvenience of suitors. Indeed it must be said that Mr. Justice Hawkins was not always sufficiently considerate of others. In order that he and "Jack" might have their morning stroll he did not mind keeping the Court waiting half an hour, and his practice of sitting on circuit till midnight, and refusing to allow any ventilation in the court was very trying to the Bar. But these were spots in the sun. We can but regret that these Reminiscences are not in our opinion a literary memento worthy of a great advocate and a strong and just judge.

#### A LABOUR OF LOVE.

"Wayfarer's Love." Poems edited by the Duchess of Sutherland. Printed by the Potteries and Newcastle Cripples Guild. Westminster: Constable. 1904. 6s. net.

WE cannot quarrel with the Duchess of Sutherland for telling the world in her introduction to this anthology that every buyer of this book is doing an act of kindness to his fellow-creatures. We cannot quarrel with the claim, for it is true, and there may be some who, knowing this, will become purchasers when they would otherwise have passed by unheeding. But we are a little jealous of this recommendation, for it might suggest that "Wayfarer's Love" is to be taken as a charity and not on its merits. So far from that, this collection of contemporary English verse is more than worth its price on the merest commercial principles. Six shillings is what the public gives for most of its novels, and for six

shillings it usually gets dull nonsense by people of no account. Here, admirably printed in beautiful type, on good paper, and generally most tastefully got up, we get a characteristic piece of all the best verse-writers of the day, some of them poets. It wanted only examples of Mr. Swinburne and Mr. Watts-Dunton to make it quite representative of the best; for it is discriminating in exclusion as well as in inclusion. We do not miss Mr. Stephen Phillips or the Poet Laureate, but we do not find them here. But we do find Mr. Robert Bridges, Mr. Watson, Mr. Austin Dobson, Mr. Yeats, Mr. Arthur Symonds, Mr. Newbolt, Mr. A. D. Godley, Mr. A. E. Housman, Mr. Binyon, Mr. Owen Seaman and Mr. Sturge Moore. The owner of this little gallery may safely congratulate himself on possessing very fair examples of the best English poets and verse-writers of this day—with the exceptions we noted. It would be churlish to criticise gift-poems, but where all are kind it will not be ungracious to select certain that are more than kind. We would willingly give more than the price of this book for the poems by Mr. Sturge Moore and Mr. Yeats. And Fiona Macleod is here better than herself, and we are very sure that never English scholar wrote a better Latin alcaic than Mr. Armine Kent's "Mari Magno". His is the one voice in the chorus death has since silenced.

We have preferred to treat this book as literature or as art without reference to its motive, the Cripples' Guild. We have done this out of justice to the book, not in any way to please ourselves. We could dwell on the Cripples' Guild with even more pleasure than on these poems. But there is no need. The Duchess of Sutherland's few words are enough; they must surely move every reader to go and see for himself; and if he sees, he will instinctively associate her work with the words of a greater than any poet in this volume: "perfect—nobly planned".

#### LONG AFTER PEPYS.

"A Later Pepys." Edited by A. C. C. Gaussen.  
2 vols. London: John Lane. 1904. 32s. net.

THESE are two handsomely bound and well illustrated volumes giving with copious biographical introductions and notes selections from the correspondence of Sir William Walter Pepys, Bart., Master in Chancery, with Mrs. Chapone, Mrs. Hartley, Mrs. Montagu, Hannah More, William Franks, Sir James Macdonald, Major Rennell, and Sir Nathaniel Wraxall. The editor has chosen a daring title, literally true of course, for Sir W. W. Pepys was of the blood of Samuel Pepys, but in tone, contents, manner, value anything more unlike the character and quality of the diarist and his diary than this mosaic of correspondence can scarcely be conceived. Lord! 'tis a strange world, we can imagine Samuel noting at the end of the day, had his kinsman's letters come into his hand, but he would not have been as astonished and amused as that kinsman would have been surprised and pained had he and his admiring circle of prim literary ladies had the perusing of the truly deciphered diary. The two volumes are not uninteresting; they contain plenty of mixed reading, somewhat dull and stodgy in texture it must be confessed, but they reveal a character and a cause, a circle and an atmosphere, that of the famous Bas-Bleus who met so often in Mrs. Montagu's beautiful salon at Montagu House to eschew gambling and gossip; and with Angelica Kauffmann's ceiling to stare at when their feelings had been thoroughly elevated by the dignity of their topics and the edifying manner in which they had been discussed they no doubt went home like Samuel Pepys "in good content". Frankly however the editorial share of these pages is the part least to our liking. To the trouble the editor has taken to excerpt and to annotate, to the illustrations and to the family zeal abundantly shown all praise is due, but the volumes as they stand provoke some serious criticism. That the Bas-Bleus and Sir W. W. Pepys deserve chronicling, that these archives needed editing for the public is indisputable. C'est très bien fait, mais il y a des longueurs, as Rivarol

remarked of his friend's distich, and here there are far too many longueurs. After having read the volumes through from cover to cover we are convinced that neither the literary, historical nor social value of these letters is such as to merit the length at which they are given. Indeed from the literary point of view the topics discussed, the judgments expressed and the style rarely rise above the mediocre, the commonplace and the disappointing. All the correspondents with the exception of Major Rennell of whom we would gladly have had more would gain by a stricter revision. The solid wads of travelling diaries in the shape of letters might well have been cut down to a stern minimum. No one to-day needs to be told what can be found in the Pitti at Florence or in the Vatican; the eighteenth-century point of view can be learned in far more readable sources; Wraxall's opinions were already known in his published works and what Sir Lucas Pepys thought of the Venus de' Medici generally bores and is quite unimportant. It is disagreeable to say so but we feel the editor has further unnecessarily increased her labours. Elaborate biographies of notable persons like Lord Lyttelton or Mrs. Thrale frequently repeating or anticipating passages in the letters are surely somewhat superfluous. The lengthy notes in small print, for example that on James' perfectly well-known fever powders (i. 174) or on the Kit-Cat Club (i. 119) are absolutely unexceptionable but their relevance is often wholly to seek. And we could wish for the editor's sake that she had refrained from inserting allusions to current politics, or moralising reflections. In a word had these two volumes been carefully compressed into one we could have thanked her heartily for a helpful and pleasant contribution to the history of the Pepys family: as it is, we fear many readers not without cause will be deterred from dipping into more than the first half of the first volume.

The hero of the book presents some very curious features to the psychologist. It is remarkable that his brother Sir Lucas should have won his humble place in the great roll of the Dictionary of National Biography but that he, the life and centre of a notable literary circle, who had the courage to stand up more than once to Johnson who was as fond of bullying as he was of tea, a Master in Chancery to boot, should not figure therein. At one time he reminds us irresistibly of Sir Willoughby Patterne; indeed we feel sure that in his young days when the assemblies of the Bas-Bleus were in full swing and he was in the heyday of his naughty revolutionary Whig views "he had a leg"; at another he is like the hero of one of Miss Sewell's now forgotten tales, the very pink of gentlemanly and insular priggishness. Did they not call him and rightly at Oxford the "old gentleman"? But as the years advance he mellows and matures into a wholly excellent father of a family, sincerely religious, charitable, just and kind, a man who had the full measure of the gift for friendship and had lived faithfully and innocent of malice according to his lights, still somewhat "superior" perhaps, a trifle stiff, not ignorant of his own merits, but wholly excellent. Gleaners will be rewarded with some delightful passages in the letters. In the correspondence with young Franks which apparently was to do for him what Lord Chesterfield desired to do for his son, but which was nearly as great a failure, we find this: "There is no exercise you will derive so much benefit from as from writing to me upon the subject you are reading." This is very prettily matched by a remark of Wraxall's after he has been rhapsodising about the Bay of Naples: "What a charming employment to travel slowly through this delicious country accompanied by a Woman to whom one is attached and to improve, adorn and delight her mind at every step!" Of a very different character is Pepys' remark in 1791 to Hannah More—"that more extraordinary events had happened since we had been in the world than in any equal space of time since the creation of it", because as the writer admits later he stood on the threshold of such a fifteen years as startled even him with his philosophical creed of Liberty, Locke and Rousseau. The pity is that these extraordinary events, the Seven Years' War, the American War, the Partition of Poland, the French Revolution and the career of Napoleon do not bulk more largely in these letters. The



omission makes these amiable chatterers on forgotten books and the domestic trivialities of their friends and children singularly bloodless; nor can any sincerity and emphasis in discussing morals and religion compensate. Of such sincerity and emphasis there is plenty. Hannah More's "horror" at Pitt's duel with "poor Mr. Wilberforce" is "completed" because the duellists "chose a Sunday". Some of our latter-day pessimists would find a wholesome corrective in the growing consternation expressed in letter after letter at the luxury, license, irreligiousness and frivolity of society when the First Gentleman of Europe was providing Henry Greville with his most instructive entries. "Our infatuated intercourse with that polluted French metropolis has in my opinion", writes the appalled lady, "produced a visible declension in our national character". One more interesting quotation and we can leave these volumes for judgment to that "public who will be patrons let anyone write what is truly excellent". Against Mrs. Thrale's singularly unfortunate prophecy that Scott, "the Arctic Phœbus" author of "three half novels, half romance things" "would set in a fog", let us record Pepys' earnest recommendation to read the new "Guy Mannering" because "it is a book of a very superior order".

#### IN THE SCHOOL OF ATHLETICS.

"The Road to Manhood." By W. Beach Thomas. Young England Library. London: Allen. 1904. 6s.

IT is a real relief, amongst a stream of works on athletics, to find a book which approaches the subject from a standpoint totally different from that taken by the ordinary text-book. There is much the same difference between the volumes of the "All England" series and Mr. Thomas' book as exists in the province of military literature between the dull formalism of Jomini and the vitalising energy of Clausewitz. No one denies the necessity of works like Jomini's or the volumes of the Badminton Library; but as a general introduction to the field of war or the pastimes of peace the method of Clausewitz and Mr. Thomas is to our mind infinitely the more suggestive and edifying. Mr. Thomas sees in games, as Clausewitz saw in war and the forms of war, not an end but a means; he regards athletics as the best, because the most natural, medium through which a boy may be taught his duties as a citizen, and physically and morally fitted to perform them. This point of view is at least as old as Aristotle, but it is one which the present age is only too apt to neglect; and as an enunciation of broad principle the work derives treble value from the fact that its author's career as an athlete and his enthusiasm for games in themselves are sufficient guarantees against any tendency to underrate the importance of the factor of technical skill. So far from this being the case, a large part of the volume is devoted to the consideration of technical difficulties, the conquest of which, as everyone knows, is the only form that the keenness and thoroughness, which games are intended to foster, can reasonably take.

On the technical side of the book, which is in itself a remarkable testimony to its author's all-round ability as a modern athlete, we shall not attempt to dwell in detail. Volunteering, training, Rugby and Association football, baseball, athletics in and outside the gymnasium, hockey on land and on ice, swimming and fencing, are all well and pithily treated; indeed the book impresses one generally as the work of an active and thoughtful mind, sedulously trained in the observation of details and keenly conscious of their relation to the whole subject. Mr. Thomas' remarks on football, to which he devotes several chapters, are an excellent example of the liveliness of his style and the thoroughness of his study. But the most striking characteristic of his little volume is the motif that runs through the whole, and the steady emphasis he lays on the educational value of games to all who take part in them. "My idea of the good citizen, boy or man", he says, "is the boy or man who is always in training, always fit to take his part. I don't mean that sort of training

which consists in eating beefsteaks for breakfast, but rather the sort of training that consists in being able to do without beefsteaks"; and later on, in a more detailed consideration of the same subject, he scouts the idea that training is "a short cut to success", and points out how greatly an over-mechanical régime may impair a competitor's chances of victory. In the same way, in his breezy chapter on the making of games and games in the making, he appeals strongly to the inventiveness of the individual as opposed to the dictates of the ordinary athletic curriculum. His ideal is the all-rounder. "We should all, I think, be much more use and much less bored if we could have the training sailors go through. What is the good of being known as 'a good outside left' or 'a fine server' or 'a useful putter' and nothing else? You will generally find the specialist . . . a dull fellow. . . . We ought all to be handy men." Though he does not treat of cricket we have no doubt as to his opinion of the present system of professional coaching. "Half the enjoyment of all sorts of sports comes from doing all the work oneself." "The good players of games are generally those who know how to watch." "Every game should be amusing to practise as well as to play." It is individuality in mind as well as in body that he wishes to strengthen; and it is in the resource, decision and energy shown in other and more tremendous fields than the playground that he finds the best examples of athletic training.

But if he lays special stress on the training of the individual, it is the training of the individual in a corporate capacity. Nothing marks more clearly the definiteness of his opinion that athletics are but one method of fitting a boy for citizenship than his sensible chapter on "Winter-reading", and his frequent and enthusiastic references to men like Sir Walter Scott and Kingsley and Sir Philip Sydney. His view is the view of the cricket coach who taught him how to play the "leg-glance". "What we have to do", said the coach, "is first to make the game better in our eleven, then all over the school, and so by degrees all over the world". "I remember", adds Mr. Thomas "taking more interest after that in the leg-stroke. It gave a sort of dignity to it". To play the game for one's side and not for oneself; to play it for the sake of one's side, with the whole of one's energy; to play it, for the sake of one's side and of humanity generally, in the fairest and most generous spirit, regardless of records, of victory or defeat, or of individual glory, is the keynote of "The Road to Manhood". It is a characteristic of the book that the author only occasionally refers to great players and great matches; and only four or five times to individual records. He has no patience with the man who is merely a paper athlete; he indulges in no mawkish panegyrics on eminent players; he has a sound contempt for some aspects of modern professionalism. No man or boy can read Mr. Thomas' book without obtaining a clearer view of the value of our English pastimes in the field of national education and of their stimulating influence on individual mind and character; and no better answer could be made to critics of athleticism than his moderate and able contribution to the Young England Library.

#### NOVELS.

"The Prodigal Son." By Hall Caine. London: Heinemann. 1904. 6s.

On Friday, 4 November, there burst upon an expectant world the latest and, according to Mr. William Heinemann, the greatest of the works of Mr. Hall Caine. Heralded by the blare of thousands of preliminary puffs the novel was published simultaneously in nine different countries and in eight different languages. Happy Mr. Hall Caine! Happy Mr. Heinemann! Thousands of expectant readers have by now, we must presume, gushed over it, and numberless nonconformist divines have found in it a convenient subject for their Sunday's sermon. "The Prodigal Son." The name alone is sufficient to commend it to that large class of people who demand that their fiction shall contain a flavouring of religion and who like to have their horror of sin intensified by as clear a

description of it as discretion will permit. Mr. Hall Caine does not altogether agree with the Bible story of the Prodigal Son. He thinks that the moral of it requires considerable explanation. He would leave out the fatted calf. The prodigal may not expect to return to his father's home and be received with open arms. "Nature does not forget, the laws of life do not forgive." When Mr. Hall Caine is content to forget the necessity for moralising and to concentrate on his narrative he can be interesting. He has a considerable sense of the dramatic, and a real power of vivid description. But his outlook on life and his estimate of human character are always melodramatic. There is too much declamation. The antitheses are too violent to carry conviction. The note is pitched too high and all along one is conscious of the fact that it is not merely as a novelist but as a great moral teacher that Mr. Hall Caine would be regarded. With what unction does he propound some pompous platitude as if he had discovered some new and valuable truth. But we prefer Mr. Hall Caine in his heavy and ponderous moods to Mr. Hall Caine in his playful ones. We can forgive his preaching if he will abandon attempts to be humorous. "If a girl is only beautiful enough she has all the men at her feet" says one of the characters, to be met by the following witty retort "They must be chiropodists then"! Well, well! we do not expect perfection in everybody. If nature has not endowed Mr. Hall Caine with a sense of humour she has bestowed upon him an absolutely amazing vitality and an unflinching energy that will no doubt enable him to produce many "works" quite as long and quite as good as "The Prodigal Son".

"Sir Beville." By Arthur Christopher Thynne. London: Lane. 1904. 6s.

The hero of the story is the "Bayard of the West", Sir Beville Granville (grandson of the Sir Richard Granville who went down in the "Revenge"), the friend of the great Parliamentarian Sir John Eliot, who yet fought and died for King Charles. Sir John Eliot himself figures as prominently in these pages as does the hero, and for him the author cherishes an unbounded admiration, though in general he thinks as poorly of Puritanism (witness his canting villain Master Treague) as does Sir Walter, and at the close of the volume writes like a Cavalier. To the lover of old-world romance the book will give pleasure especially in its later pages, which tell how the hero wavered for a moment in his love for Mistress Grace, when the beauty and genius of Lady Jane flashed across his path, and how the nobility of Lady Jane (who is by far the most skilfully drawn character in the story) gave back her Beville to the said Mistress Grace. Sir Beville's able but unscrupulous and malicious brother Richard makes an admirable foil to our immaculate hero. Master Treague is almost as magnificent in his hypocritical villainy, as our old friend Trusty Tomkins of "Woodstock": while the giant Antony and the dwarf Tite are interesting. Coming to the scenes, the stag hunt, the witch hunt, the gipsy camp, the court masque, and the battle betwixt Waller and the Cornishmen with which the book closes are admirable. The author also knows and paints his Cornish scenes well. He should have however said more of the old Cornish language, which in the times of which he writes was still a living tongue. The drawback to the story regarded as a whole is its disconnected character. It covers far too great a period of time for a romance. It is well illustrated.

"A Lieutenant of the King." By Morice Gerard. London: Cassell. 1904. 6s.

For readers with a taste for wild adventure Mr. Morice Gerard supplies much of that kind of adventure for which those readers have a taste. In a brief prologue we are shown a weeping child on the Cornish coast watching a ship pass down Channel; the ship is taking "the playmate of her childhood" (she being "just in her budding 'teens, immature, unformed") away to India. We turn the page to Chapter I., and in the act the years have passed; the youth is returning home with his fortune made, the child has become a beautiful woman. That they will meet is inevitable,

but a terrible storm and fierce wreckers with their "devil's lights" do their best to prevent it. Matters are complicated by the fact that the young woman's brother is chief of the band of wreckers. Then a mysterious Frenchman appears upon the scene—a Frenchman safely ensconced in a hut in Cornwall with a telescope with which he can watch the Channel, and carrier pigeons with which he can send off the knowledge that results from his watching. From such a beginning the reader is led through a rapid succession of exciting episodes up to the anticipated close, and leaves the hero at the bedside of the dying Pitt.

"The Closed Book." By William Le Queux. London: Methuen. 1904. 6s.

Mr. Le Queux is indefatigable in his treasure-hunting. This time he is on the track of the Borgia emeralds bracketed with the furniture of Crowland Abbey, and the quest is rendered more exciting by the reappearance of the Borgia secret poison. The key to all this wealth is an old volume picked up by a collector in Italy. "The Closed Book" suffers from the defects that vitiate most of its congeners: the wicked people start by an act of folly and their conduct becomes exciting so long as its reasons are unknown, and the explanation is quite tame. It is true that real crime is often much more interesting in its processes than in its motives, but from the scoundrel of fiction one looks for some ingenuity of purpose. Still, many readers will desire earnestly to know why a stuffed bear-cub was exhibited in a certain window in Harpur Street, and will be content to accept Mr. Le Queux' way of telling them. The love-interest is feeble: the beautiful Lady Judith Gordon would in reality have found her novelist-wooer a quite impossible person. In fact the more aristocratic figures in the book are unintentionally amusing.

"The Chronicles of Don Q." By K. and Hesketh Prichard. London: Chapman and Hall. 1904. 6s.

Don Quebranta-Huesos, a Spanish brigand of to-day, is an agreeable addition to the company of Sherlock Holmes, Count Antonio, Captain Kettle, Brigadier Gerard, and the like, and his chronicles form a good specimen of the episodic fiction which appears to be so popular. He sits in the hills of Andalusia and kidnaps travellers, cuts off the ears of an official, treats the poor with the generosity of Robin Hood, and supplies material for some three hundred vivacious pages. Mrs. Prichard and her son (or should one say Mr. Prichard and his mother?) evidently have more than a tourist's knowledge of Spain, and their hero, with his exquisite courtesy and humorous cruelty, sustains his part with credit. There is necessarily some monotony in a book which is filled with the relations of a bandit to his captives, and the authors are far from attaining the infectious gaiety of "Le Roi des Montagnes" that classic of brigandage. But the chronicles go with a swing.

"A Broken Rosary." By Edward Peple. London: John Lane. 1904. 6s.

This is a distinctly unpleasant book of the kind that leaves a bad taste in the mouth after reading. It is the story of a woman who for a wager aims at seducing a priest. The situations are forced and melodramatic but there are passages in the book that exhibit a certain crude power. The author's style is florid and over-elaborated, half a dozen adjectives to qualify one poor starving noun. Here is an example "In the murmur of lapping waves the priest could hear a crooning, whispered song and a woman's sob in the note of a ghostly gull poised, screaming, above the mast".

"Mrs. Peter Liston." By the Earl of Ellesmere. London: Heinemann. 1904. 6s.

Lord Ellesmere's novel has little merit. The promise of excitement made in the opening chapter is not fulfilled and the plot becomes thinner and thinner as the story proceeds. It is conceivable that with a good plot Lord Ellesmere might produce a very excellent and thrilling "shocker" for he possesses the power of breathless narration.



## NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"The Duke of Devonshire. A Personal and Political Biography." By Henry Leach. London: Methuen. 1904. 12s. 6d.

"It is agreed by those who study the political forces operating in the British realm at the present time, that the truism that during the lives of the chief participants in the events of a period, one may not form any just and reliable estimate of the value of their services to the state, is well exemplified in its application to Sir Spencer Compton Cavendish, Eighth Duke of Devonshire." This is the author's exordium, and it gives a very fair idea of his style. The book is rather a portly one to read right through at a moment when the hero of it is not a figure of the liveliest interest, but no doubt the feat will be accomplished by some. We must say that Mr. Leach does not butter his hero so thickly as is customary in books of this order. He tells a tale or two against the Duke's "dulness" as a speaker which might exonerate him from any charge of homage pure and simple. Mr. Leach sincerely believes that he knows his man. Sometimes he has a shrewd idea what the Duke is thinking about. For instance in telling how the Duke "dressed with all haste and hurried down to the House" on one occasion in order to reinforce Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Russell, he conceives that his hero thought as he went "concerning the admirably dogged manner in which Mr. Joseph Chamberlain stuck to the post of duty when others were more solicitous for their personal comforts". We must be spiritually closeted indeed with a statesman to be able to describe what is passing in his mind thus.

"Landscape Gardening." By Samuel Parsons junr. New York and London: Putnams. 1904. \$3.50.

Mr. Parsons' instructions being, as he tells us, chiefly addressed to Americans living between North Carolina, Maine, and the Rocky Mountains, are necessarily of little practical use to dwellers in Britain. The best of books on transatlantic gardening can have but little interest beyond that of curiosity and comparison; but the most John Bullish of gardeners will scarcely take the present volume as a fair specimen of American methods. In an oddly diffuse style it treats at length of "lawn-plantings" ("lawn" in the States apparently including trees, shrubs, rocks, and, incidentally, mown grass), of city parks, "door-yards", "railway lawns" and "burial lots"; of ponds and lakes; and of garden flowers, which last are not properly to be admitted to the precincts of "the lawn". It is to be hoped that not many of the author's countrymen will share his satisfaction with such desolating horrors as the photographs of the "graded" lawn and the "rocky bank for planting" on pages 17 and 21 respectively. The get-up of the book, spite of the clay-faced paper which is an offence both in weight and "odor" (as the author would call it), is curiously old-fashioned. Many of the illustrations are woodcuts of a quaint and almost prehistoric aspect; and some of them are those little blocks of plants and flowers which have adorned seedsman's lists for at least a quarter of a century. The copyright is dated 1891, but the illustrations, together with the commissions and omissions of the text (directions for carpet-bedding of the crudest kind, and no reference to begonias or cactus dahlias, e.g.) suggest a perfunctory revision of a much earlier work.

"Amaryllis at the Fair." By Richard Jefferies. London: Duckworth. 1904. 6s.

This is not a very distinguished reprint of "Amaryllis." Neither printing nor paper seems to us quite worthy of the matter, and there are annoying little tail-pieces which serve no purpose. But it will be welcomed by some readers, for the old editions are not very easy to get and are not cheap. Jefferies was not of course a novelist, and Mr. Edward Garnett's attempt in the introduction of this edition to set him up as such is not strikingly successful. But Mr. Garnett is quite right to gibbet Professor Saintsbury and Mr. Henley; the former classes him with Gray: he might as well class Jefferies with Dryden. Mr. Saintsbury says "it is . . . certain that his importance for posterity will dwindle, if it has not already dwindled, to that given by a bundle of descriptive selections". After all perhaps Mr. Saintsbury is as well equipped to judge Jefferies as Jefferies would have been to judge him; if not better, for Jefferies was a creator and Mr. Saintsbury is a critic. Mr. Henley appeared to regard Jefferies as a sort of glorified reporter. Nobody should read "Amaryllis" who has not taste and feeling for the scenes and life which herein are peerlessly described. But for the few who do care—what a treat is here! Amaryllis in the old farmhouse kitchen seems to us one of the best things of the kind Jefferies did.

"The Sikhs." By General Sir J. J. H. Gordon. London: Blackwood. 1904. 7s. 6d. net.

It is difficult to find an exact word to describe the collective body of the Sikhs. At first a religious sect, a dissent from the later degeneracy of Hinduism, born of the same world-wide impulse which produced Luther in the West, they formed, as

they still form, part of the general population of the Panjab. Converted by persecution into a militant community they became a political organisation of twelve confederacies. These in due time were welded by the genius of a great ruler into a single sovereign power. With the death of Ranjit Sing the monarchy as rapidly broke up and after a brief and fierce struggle with the British the Sikhs became again a simple religious community, but with great cohesive strength and infused with the strong military instincts and traditions of conquest and command naturally belonging to the survivors and descendants of a body of warlike rulers. Writing with great personal knowledge General Gordon gives in brief and popular form an excellent sketch of the history, character, tenets and constitution of this strange and splendid people. Avoiding the polemical matter for which such a narrative presents many temptations, and inspired with deep sympathy for his subject, he has produced a book which is eminently readable from cover to cover. It pays a just tribute to the qualities of the Sikhs and their leaders—above all to their unswerving fidelity which represents the patriotism of a nation with no other nationality than its common religion and its loyal allegiance to the rulers whom it implicitly trusts.

"New Handy General Atlas." Edited by George Philip. London: Philip. 1904. 21s.

A new edition of an atlas must always be a costly thing to produce, that is if it has to be thoroughly revised. As geographical knowledge extends names have to be added and as ownership changes frontier lines have to be altered. The detail work is delicate and of the first importance, and to embark on alterations when the map has once been made must be an anxious task for the reviser. Messrs. Philip have brought their excellent Handy Atlas up to date as far as possible and have made some additions to its pages. It is unfortunate that the Russo-Japanese war was taking place during the revision, because certain towns that were Russian when the new edition went to press either are Russian no longer or will probably soon pass out of Russian control. But it is a remarkable production particularly in view of the moderate price charged for it. There are 160 coloured maps dealing with the physical, political and commercial geography, and the Index contains 100,000 names.

"An Inquiry into and an Explanation of Decimal Coinage and the Metric System of Weights and Measures." By Edwyn Anthony. London: Routledge. 1904.

Mr. Anthony advocates the introduction of a decimal coinage based upon the penny. His proposal involves the issue of a new gold coin of the value of 100 pence to be called a Norm, and a new silver coin worth tenpence to be called an Arg. No withdrawal of any of our present coins is suggested. Mr. Anthony, believing that there is no peculiar virtue in the sovereign, is sanguine enough to anticipate its gradual and insensible disuse. No doubt to hasten its demise, he proposes to enact that the Government and all public bodies shall be compelled to keep their accounts in norms and pence, and that the value of all stamps and postal orders should be denoted in similar terms after a given date. The idea of basing a decimal coinage upon our penny is not new. The case in favour of it was well put by Mr. Theodore W. Rathbone in a pamphlet published in 1853 by James Ridgway, Piccadilly. About the same period the suggestion was made to issue a silver tenpenny piece to be called an "Albion" and a gold coin equivalent to 100 pence to be termed an "Imperial". Mr. Rathbone appears to have attached somewhat greater importance to the preservation of the English pound than Mr. Anthony does. Mr. Anthony cannot be classed among the supporters of the Metric system. Under the heading "Public Opinion" he has collated the views of many eminent men adverse to it. He himself deprecates its adoption here except by international agreement with the United States and our colonies, and even then doubts the wisdom of such a step. As an alternative he suggests the possibility of the decimalisation of our own weights and measures with the retention of our old units.

"Bayeux: its Cathedrals and Churches." By the Rev. R. S. Mylne. London: Bell. 1904.

Normandy is so rich in beautiful churches, most of them of great historic interest, that a whole series of guide-books of this nature might be devoted to the province. In making the necessary selection the editors have been wisely inspired in devoting a volume to Bayeux. Its connexion with Odo, the Conqueror's brother, and its possession of the famous tapestry have made it specially attractive to English visitors, and Mr. Mylne's book gives just the amount of wise guidance which an intelligent visitor requires. He supplies sufficient and not over-elaborate information. The cathedral of Bayeux as a building is particularly instructive for those interested in the architecture of France. It combines Norman and Gothic in almost equal proportions and in supreme beauty. The massive Norman arcading of the nave is surmounted by twelfth-century work of the most chaste and elegant nature. The cathedral, beyond the fact of its foundation by Bishop Odo, has a further connexion with our own country, for the choir, a further fine specimen of twelfth-century architecture,

was erected by Henry of Salisbury, who died in 1205. The central cupola, which is so unusual a feature in a Gothic church, was erected in the nineteenth century and cannot be said to add to the symmetry of the whole though as a distinct feature it is not without charm. Mr. Mylne has not confined himself to treating the cathedral but has dealt with other churches and buildings of architectural interest in Bayeux and the neighbourhood. He has also devoted a chapter to the tapestry, which in spite of the claims of its cathedral will always remain the principal attraction in Bayeux for the historical student.

"The Campaign Guide." Edinburgh: Douglas. 1904. 5s. net.

This "handbook for Unionist speakers" has for more than ten years past been of considerable service in the conduct of the Unionist campaign. It gives most useful and easily grasped data on various questions under three headings (1) Imperial Affairs, (2) Home Affairs, and (3) Election Problems. It has been brought up to date, and new chapters on "The Conduct of the War", "Chinese Labour in the Transvaal", "The Fiscal Question—Retaliation" and "Mr. Chamberlain's Fiscal Policy" have been added. The Guide supports Mr. Balfour and attempts neutrality concerning Mr. Chamberlain: its "open mind" in our view only serves to emphasise the importance to the future of the Empire of a system of preferential tariffs, rather than of indiscriminate protection.

"A Whittier Treasury." Manchester: Broadbent. 1904. 1s. 6d.

This little volume is one of a series of "Treasures of the Poets". It is well printed and produced with simple taste. The Countess of Portsmouth, as one would expect, has selected the verses with care and judgment. She has sent it out with an apology none the worse that it is modest and very short.

"The Idylls of the King" is one of the latest additions to the "Golden Treasury Series" (Macmillan. 2s. 6d. net). Binding, paper, print, and the chaste little frontispiece—"Guinevere", from Thomas Woolner's marble—are of course in the best of taste. There have been no reprints so good as these since Moxon's best day. But is it absolutely essential that a certain number of copies should be disfigured by the stamp "presentation copy"?

"Revue des Deux Mondes." 1 Novembre. 3/8.

M. de Mouy's second and final instalment dealing with the Berlin Congress is full of interest. It records some points which seem to us to have been hitherto imperfectly appreciated. The rôle played by Count Schouvalof, the junior representative of Russia, has been generally underestimated. For many days he maintained the struggle alone, Gortchakoff not putting in an appearance, ostensibly owing to ill-health, probably because he was not unwilling to leave his substitute to make inevitable concessions. M. de Mouy records how on one occasion Schouvalof's eloquence had almost succeeded in inducing the Congress to transform the Shipka Pass into a "glorious cemetery" neutralised for ever. The diplomats had to be recalled to realities by the representative of Turkey whose objections at first seemed almost indecent. On most occasions however the Turkish plenipotentiary seems to have met with bare courtesy. Bismarck indeed treated him with little consideration, taking the view and not concealing his opinion that Turkey ought to be grateful to Europe for allowing her to keep any territory on the continent at all and treating all his protests as merely a waste of time. The incident certainly seems to have given Lord Salisbury the opportunity of displaying the "sardonic humour" with which the writer credits him. It was he who, by previous arrangement with Count Andrassy, proposed the transference of Bosnia-Herzegovina to Austria. His discourse apparently was written and he pressed upon Turkey the advantages of the proposal on the ground that it enabled her to divest herself of territory "without strategic value the defence of which would involve her in enormous expense and expose her to formidable dangers". The sacrifice which was required of her was therefore a striking testimony of the solicitude of the Powers for her welfare. On such pretexts, as the writer points out, she might well have been despoiled of all her possessions!

"The Ancestor." No. XI. October. London: Constable. 1904. 6s. net.

The eleventh number of the "Ancestor" illustrates the merit and defect of the principal contributors. Probably the readers of this quarterly turn first to the articles of the Editor and Mr. Round. The latter's principal contribution is the text, with commentary, of the Marriage Settlement made by Roger, Earl of Warwick, on the marriage of his daughter Agnes with Geoffrey Clinton the Chamberlain, circa 1150. The Editor writes upon the "Wild Wilmots", "The Bassets", and "The Delafields and the Empire". The last of these articles is an amusing and drastic exposure of a not uncommon form of false pedigree. There are perhaps not many pretensions to illustrious origin quite so preposterous and ridiculous as that here dissected, but the stock description of some respectable family as "seated in England long before the Conquest"

indicates that exposure has but a slow effect. The Editor is here seen at his best, but when the same style of writing is applied to genuine historical personages—such as the Wilmots, Earls of Rochester—it becomes wearisome. Of other contributions the most valuable is a deeply interesting account of the Battle of Agincourt, entered contemporaneously in the Leger Book A of the City of Salesbury. Mr. A. R. Malden gives the entry in full, and with it a curious narrative which may account for the Record. The list of French casualties is most valuable.

## THE NOVEMBER REVIEWS.

The topic in the Reviews to which most attention is devoted is Japan. Baron Suyematsu in the "Fortnightly" gives an historical account of the great change in life and policy which has brought forth the Japan of to-day; and "Calchas" in the same Review writes on the limits of Japanese capacity, though he has at least as much to say of Russian capacity: he finds great personal factors on the Russian side in men like Kuropatkin, Stössel and Khilkoff, but none apparently on the Japanese. There is no constructive imagination among the Japanese, he says, such as is associated in the West with great personality—with leadership whether in the art of war or the art of peace, and everything suggests that Japanese faculty, while upon a very high average level, does not show any signs of rivaling the West in range. Calchas' view if a little vague is sufficiently novel in the pages of a British magazine to be refreshing. An anonymous writer in the "Monthly" writing of "Japanese barbarism" seeks to show that Japan has in the past been the victim of European barbarism. The real barbarians were the Russians who raided and attacked Japanese islands less than a century ago. Interest in this tu quoque line of defence arises chiefly from the information it incidentally affords as to the genesis of Japanese suspicions of Russia. The Russians threatened to ravage the coasts of Japan till she consented to open her ports to trade. Whilst in the "Monthly" Japanese barbarism is declared to be practically non-existent, in the "National" Count Okuma asserts that Japanese history is "full of examples of kindness to adversaries". Whether Japan wins in the present war or not, she will, he says, no longer stand aloof from the current of international politics. But territorial expansion forms no part of Japanese ambition. "We simply contend that Western civilisation is not the monopoly of European nations. We have accepted its entire programme, and we should be untrue to that civilisation, which has bestowed upon us so much of its beneficent influence, if we were not to realise our duty in the great position to which we have attained." In a very bitter article on the miserable lot of the Russian soldier Mr. Carl Joubert in the "Nineteenth Century" declares the desire which exists in certain quarters in England for friendship with Russia to be perverted. Russia he says used to be the bogey of the British Empire and now that Japan has shattered her feet of clay "where is the advantage to us of making an alliance with a discredited bogey?" Mr. Joubert condemns those who take the official view of things in Russia: he goes to the other extreme. A not less unpleasant view of the Russian army in the field is given in the "Fortnightly" by Mr. Angus Hamilton who is just back from Manchuria. Immorality, gambling and drinking prevail, the defeats Russia has suffered being due, according to Mr. Hamilton, principally to wine, women and the gaming table, though "superior orders" from S. Petersburg are not wholly devoid of responsibility.

The conduct of the Baltic fleet imparts new force to the problem of the rights and duties of neutrals which is discussed by Sir John Macdonell in the "Nineteenth Century". Sir John welcomes President Roosevelt's proposal to call an international conference "to complete or to continue the work of that of the Hague", as does Mr. F. W. Hirst in the "Independent Review". Many questions affecting neutrals are, Sir John Macdonell says, ripe for discussion. For instance, with regard to allowing a belligerent the use of neutral ports, he shows that neutrals may be well advised in seeing that facilities for coaling and refitting are not in future used to their own

(Continued on page 620.)

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disadvantage. "To refuse supplies altogether would be to break a well-settled custom, and might produce consequences revolting to humanity; it would be particularly offensive to States with no colonies. On the other hand it is absurd—it is an abuse of hospitality—that vessels should be free to coal at English ports and then to sail out and overhaul, confiscate, or detain English vessels." In the following sentence Sir John Macdonell's meaning seems clear though he does not appear to say what he means. "I see no reason why such supplies should be granted, such repairs be made, only on condition that the belligerent promised to allow the vessels of the State whose hospitality he had enjoyed to be undisturbed within certain limits or within a certain period—say, in the case of supply of coals, within such time as the supply of coal will normally suffice. As Professor Westlake has well said, 'the preservation of her commerce from any impairment is quite as necessary to Great Britain as the retention of Manchuria is to Russia'." Of prize courts as at present constituted neutrals, continues Sir John, undoubtedly have cause to complain: how much cause is clearly set forth by Dr. Dillon in the "Contemporary". He tells the story of Russia's seizure of the "Calchas" the "Allanton" and other vessels, and "in view of these surprising facts" asks: "Can the naval Powers of the world acquiesce in Russia's interpretation of their rights as neutrals and her duties as a belligerent and allow the Tsar's ukase to run on the high seas?" That question Dr. Dillon thinks will in all probability be submitted to the next Congress whether at the Hague or in Washington.

The consideration of Foreign affairs in the Reviews, the Russo-Japanese war apart, turns as usual upon the wicked wiles of German ambition. In the "Nineteenth Century" Sir Rowland Blennerhassett denies that English public men who explain the aims and devices of the Berlin Foreign Office are animated by feelings of hostility towards the German people, and then explains the steps by which German statesmen have endeavoured to secure the foremost position in the world. Germany he suggests is a danger equally to Great Britain and Austria-Hungary. She encourages the Separatist movement in the Dual Monarchy, and Sir Rowland says "it behoves the statesmen of Europe to consider the position their respective countries should assume in case of an Austrian crisis. It is quite possible this might come at a moment when the various Powers were engaged in more or less bitter controversies about matters of comparatively minor importance. In such circumstances the Foreign Office at Berlin would certainly take advantage of the situation, and the history of the nineteenth century shows that Prussia owes her success as much to the ineptitude of European statesmen as to the genius of Bismarck. As far as England is concerned, her statesmen will only act with ordinary prudence if they bear steadily in mind that the determining factor of the international policy of Germany is the desire to promote the disintegration of the British Empire. Those best acquainted with the current political literature of Europe, and with the motives which shape the conduct of Prussian statesmen, have long realised this truth". And he finds in recent reports in the newspapers, which are certainly not unimpeachable, evidence in support of his view. In the "National Review", in some unknown man's anti-German essay, "The Need for Counter-preparation" is discovered in "the true intentions" of Germany as shown in the Kruger telegram, the campaign against Queen Victoria, the German Navy Act of 1900 and German intrigues in Peking: "If after all these facts Englishmen can be found to believe that Germany is anything but the bitter enemy of England they must be very simple persons indeed."

The Reviews are not quite as attractive on the lighter side as usual. Sir Herbert Maxwell in the "Monthly Review" pays a tribute to the late Sir William Harcourt whose career during the last quarter of a century he viewed from the Conservative side of the Commons and whose acquaintance he made in the early 'eighties through an act of old-fashioned chivalry which secured a tender corner for "Historicus" in Sir Herbert Maxwell's heart. Mr. Herbert Stead in the "Independent" gives a very interesting account of Socialism in Japan which is one of the evidences of Japanese progress and has only suffered a set-back because its votaries if loyal have not been discreet in their references to the war. Mr. Stead expects Socialism in Japan to grow and "develop mightily". Mr. Lewis Melville in the "Fortnightly" writes entertainingly if a little obviously of Disraeli's novels. Judging by the number of essays in appreciation which have appeared lately, there would seem to be a revival of interest in Disraeli's contributions to literature. Mrs. Frederic Harrison in the "Nineteenth Century" throws out some hints which gentlefolk will scarcely require. She fears the fashion of dining in restaurants is killing conversation. "Blackwood's" may always be looked to for contributions of the lighter sort, but this month is not as full of good things as we have known it. The best article we think is an onslaught on the free-feeders who have been terrorised by the prospect of a free discussion of the tariff question at the next colonial conference.

For this Week's Books see page 622.



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#### ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

This Company is formed primarily for the purpose of acquiring the Leases of  
certain auriferous properties in the Taluq of Gadag, in the District of Dharwar,  
Bombay Presidency, for carrying on mining operations there, and for the other  
objects specified in the Memorandum of Association.

The following are the Leases to be acquired:—

A Lease dated August 4, 1902, granted by the Secretary of State for India in  
Council to Edmund Dunlop Puzey, Esq., for a term of 30 years from that date, of  
the Mining Blocks described as No. 1, "Nabapoor," comprising 160 acres; No. 2,  
"Kabulay atkatti" (or Kabligatti), 160 acres; and No. 3, "Sortur," 160 acres,  
subject to the payment of a certain half-yearly rental of 240 rupees, to a surface  
rent of 8 annas per acre, and a royalty of 7½ per cent. of the net profits derived  
from the gold extracted over and above the quantity of gold equal to the certain half-  
yearly rental which the Lessee is authorised to get from and out of the Mines and  
to sell and export.

A Lease dated April 14, 1904, granted by the Secretary of State for India in  
Council to the Dharwar Gold Mines, Limited, for a term of 30 years from January 1,  
1904, of the Mining Block described as No. 4, "Atikatti" and "Sortur," com-  
prising 160 acres, subject to the payment of a certain half-yearly rental of 80 rupees,  
to a surface rent of 8 annas per acre, and a royalty of 7½ per cent. of the net profits  
derived from the gold extracted over and above the quantity of gold equal to the  
certain half-yearly rental which the Lessee is authorised to get from and out of  
the Mines and to sell and export.

A Prospecting Licence over the said Blocks was originally granted to Edward  
Dunlop Puzey, who, by agreement dated January 29, 1902, granted an option for a  
period of two years ending April 30, 1904, to the Dharwar Gold Mines, Limited,

## THE CROWN REEF GOLD MINING CO., LTD., JOHANNESBURG, TRANSVAAL.

The Directors have the pleasure of submitting the following Report on the work-  
ing operations of the Company for the Quarter ending 30th September, 1904, which  
shows the total profit earned to be £65,154 1s. 2d.

### EXPENDITURE AND REVENUE.

On the basis of 120 Stamps for Quarter ending 30th September, 1904.  
54,245 Tons Milled.

#### EXPENDITURE.

	Cost.	Cost per ton.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
To Mining Expenses .. .. .	33,223 15 4	0 12 2'994
Drifts and Winzes .. .. .	968 10 3	0 0 4'385
Crushing and Sorting .. .. .	2,952 16 11	0 0 9'067
Transport .. .. .	1,131 13 1	0 0 5'006
Milling .. .. .	6,994 13 4	0 2 6'948
Cyanide .. .. .	6,464 5 2	0 2 4'690
Slimes .. .. .	1,459 9 0	0 0 6'457
Crown Reef Dump .. .. .	2,085 10 7	0 0 9'228
Pioneer Dump .. .. .	1,253 5 6	0 0 5'345
General Charges .. .. .	5,348 0 3	0 1 11'661
	£61,808 5 5	1 2 6'781
Gold Realisation Charges .. .. .	2,115 6 0	
Additions to Plant .. .. .	9,946 11 0	
	73,264 2 5	1 7 0'147
Profit .. .. .	65,154 1 2	1 4 0'205
	£138,418 3 7	£49 11 0'412

#### REVENUE.

	Value.	Value per Ton.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
By Gold Accounts—		
19,082'268 fine ozs. from Mill .. .. .	81,056 6 4	1 9 10'622
10,152'938 fine ozs. from Cyanide .. .. .	43,126 18 8	0 15 10'809
1,811'790 fine ozs. from Slimes .. .. .	7,695 19 10	0 2 10'052
1,539'396 fine ozs. from Dump Treatment .. .. .	6,538 18 9	0 2 4'930
	£138,418 3 7	£49 11 0'412
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for the purchase of the Licence and the Leases to be granted thereunder. During  
the period that Company has carried out explorations on a considerable scale, both  
in the ancient workings and in the solid reef below, with results which satisfied  
them that the prospects of successful mining are unusually good, and they accord-  
ingly determined to exercise the option.

The mining and prospecting work is fully described in the report by Mr. Edward  
R. George, Superintendent of the Gold Fields of Mysore and General Exploration  
Company, Limited, dated June 20, 1904, which accompanies the Prospectus, and the  
following information relating to the Mines is given on the authority of that  
Report:—

The Mines are situated at from 10 to 11 miles south of the town of Gadag,  
through which the Southern Mahratta Railway passes.

Each of the four blocks has a length of one mile on the line of the reefs, and a  
width of a quarter of a mile.

Old workings of enormous extent exist on the properties, varying in depth from  
30 to 200 feet, revealing a great width of lode in places, and showing that the old  
workers must have taken out many thousands of tons of ore.

There are three distinct lodes, running almost parallel to one another, with a  
course of from 25 degs. to 45 degs. west of north, named Nos. 1, 2, and 3, the No. 1  
being the East Reef, No. 2 the Centre, and No. 3 the West Reef, all dipping to  
the east.

The explorations by the Dharwar Gold Mines, Limited, have been confined  
mostly to the No. 2, or "Kabligatti," Block, where three shafts have been sunk on  
the Centre Reef as follows: No. 15 Shaft, 215 feet; Incline Shaft, 325 feet; and  
No. 22 Shaft, 298 feet.

The trials on the Nos. 1, 3, and 4 Blocks have been limited; but the reefs where  
seen in the shallow pits of the old workings, vary in width from 6 inches up to  
3½ feet, assays from points near the surface on No. 4 Block giving 6 dwt. and  
13 dwt. of gold per ton respectively.

The Dharwar Gold Mines, Limited, have by arrangement continued the mining  
operations on this Company's account as from April 28 last, when the option above  
referred to was exercised, the expenditure incurred, agreed at £5,000, to be refunded  
by this Company. The machinery, plant, and buildings now on the Mines will  
be taken over at a valuation, and the Company will have all the advantages of entering  
upon a "going concern."

Mr. George states that he feels confident the property is a valuable one, and that  
he has formed a high opinion of its potentialities. His recommendations for  
opening up the mines will have attention as soon as the necessary capital is avail-  
able. Meantime pumping machinery is being provided, and much of it has already  
been shipped.

The mining explorations since the date of Mr. George's inspection have, accord-  
ing to the published reports of Mr. Robert Collins, the Superintendent, opened up  
a pay shoot of considerable length in the 290 and 300 foot levels, in the neighbour-  
hood of No. 22 Shaft.

Having regard to the proximity of the Mines to the railway, coupled with the fact  
that the conditions obtaining in the locality as regards the supply of timber, fuel,  
and other necessary commodities are favourable, the Company should be in a posi-  
tion to work the Mines on an economical basis.

The minimum subscription on which the Directors are authorised to proceed to  
allotment is 35,000 shares.

The abridged Prospectus is not to be regarded as an invitation to the public to  
apply for Shares, but full Prospectuses (upon the terms of which applications will  
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